

THE CRITIC

AND LITERARY WORLD

AUGUST 1905

The Appreciation of Beauty

By PRESIDENT ELIOT, of
Harvard University

**Social History of the United
States in Caricature**

(Illustrated)

Literature as a Pursuit

By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

LITERATURE ART & LIFE

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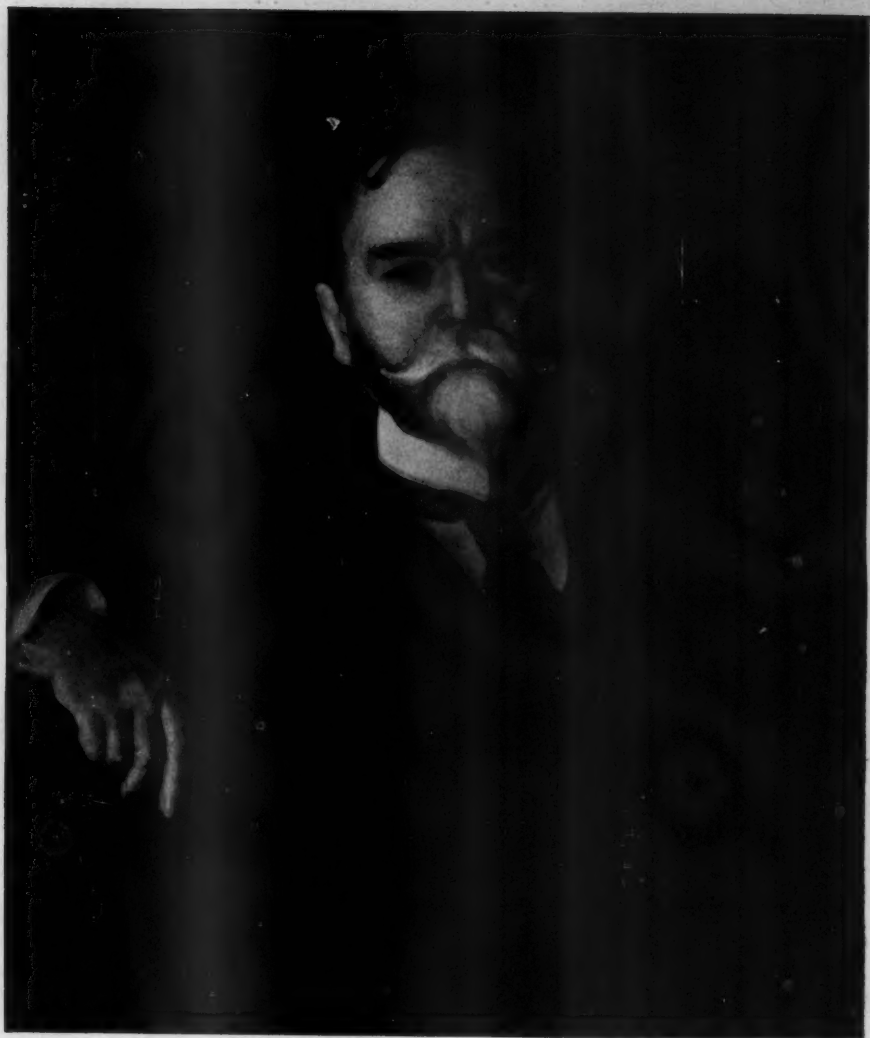


When baby washed, his ardent key
would very often reach high C
but now in sheer delight he'll crow
when bathed with

HAND SAPOLIO



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Printed at The Knickerbocker Press



John Hay

From a painting by John Singer Sargent
(See page 112)

THE CRITIC

Vol. XLVII

AUGUST, 1905

No 2.

The Lounger

A GOOD man, and a great one, John Hay would have died too soon whenever death came to him; and to those who had seen him occasionally in Washington, death had not seemed very far off at any time since he became Secretary of State. One has only to look at his portrait by John Sargent to see that he was a man to whom physical suffering was familiar—and Mr. Sargent is famous for painting his sitters as they are, whether well or ill, in mind, body, or estate. Almost annually, when affairs of State kept him in Washington in the summer, the newspapers chronicled the Secretary's partial collapse; and his friends were far less confident than his doctors that he had returned from Europe a well man, last June. A high sense of public duty kept him in harness long after he should have entered upon the enjoyment of a well-earned retirement to private life, and the leisured wooing of the muses of history, poetry, and romance.

Mr. Hay had an aptitude for making friends that must have stood him in good stead in the diplomatic service. He could cause one to think better of himself without in any way flattering him—and if there is a surer way of winning good will than that, I have yet to hear of it. Many years ago. I

used to call at the cashier's window in the New York *Tribune* office, on the day that weekly accounts were settled; and there I often met him on the same errand. But while he received a salary that seemed to me princely, I was getting one that would have struck him as the veriest pittance. Probably he had no idea what my earnings were; and while I am sure he had no idle curiosity on the subject, I am equally certain he would have been glad to believe that my modest services were being handsomely rewarded. His geniality on these occasions heightened the admiration I already felt for the brilliant journalist; and this personal feeling was never diminished. Though I saw little of the distinguished statesman in later years, we occasionally exchanged letters, and I always felt that he would go out of his way to do me a good turn, if the opportunity offered. Hundreds of others who knew him no better doubtless had the same feeling; and to all of these the death of John Hay is a personal loss in the first instance, no matter how clearly they may recognize the public misfortune it involves.

It has generally been supposed that the name of a periodical was its most valuable asset. When a man buys a

magazine already in existence it is its name he buys rather than its subscription list, for that may vary, but the name is supposed to be there forever. And yet when *Scribner's Magazine* became the *Century* it did not suffer from the change; and when the *Christian Union* became *The Outlook* again there was no falling off in popularity because of the change of name. Now, after thirty years, *Leslie's Magazine* becomes, with its September number, the *American Illustrated Magazine*. This is a much better title, for *Leslie's* now means little or nothing to the public; there is no Leslie in the establishment as owner or editor. The magazine has no connection with the *Weekly*, and it has been decided to make this change. The *American Illustrated Magazine* is a good name—an unusually good name; and it would not surprise me if it proved a much more successful venture than *Leslie's Magazine*. Mr. Ellery Sedgwick will continue as editor, and Mr. Frederic L. Colver as president of the Colver Publishing House, which publishes the magazine. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Colver, Mr. Frank N. Doubleday, and Mr. Edward Bok started out together as publishers of a small magazine in Brooklyn, a number of years ago, and were also interested together in the syndicating of Beecher's sermons.

We have now four more volumes in the Biographical Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, published by Messrs. Scribner. They are "The Wrecker," "Island Nights Entertainments," "An Inland Voyage," and "Familiar Studies." In "An Inland Voyage" Mrs. Stevenson tells how her husband was born with the Scottish longing to get to "the back of beyond," and says that in his very nursery "he strained at the tether-strings, and was never so happy as when allowed to accompany his mother in her journeys to the south of France." It was there and then that he learned to speak French, and he spoke it so well that even Frenchmen took him for a native, though perhaps from some other province. Once

in Nice, when, exhausted by a long walk, he stopped to rest at a low drinking place, a couple of villainous-looking fellows at the next table ceased speaking, regarded him intently for a few moments listening to his order, and then resumed their conversation, satisfied they had nothing to fear. They were discussing their hatred of the English, and the possibility of drugging and robbing the first Englishman that came their way.

It was while making a short cruise along the Scottish coast, with his friend Sir Walter Simpson, that Stevenson planned out the canoe voyage through France. At this time he had made but a slight mark in literature and a very little money; but enough to pay his way on the projected inland voyage; besides which he proposed to write an account of the trip which would cover the expenses of a second venture. For this book, "An Inland Voyage," one of the most delightful books that Stevenson ever wrote, he received from Mr. Kegan Paul the amount of twenty pounds. "But," says Mrs. Stevenson, "he had gained in health and grown to know better the character of the French peasant and villager."

Mr. Leveson-Gower, (pronounced Loosen-Gore) in his new book "Bygone Years," tells an anecdote which proves, if proof was necessary, that bad manners are quite as conspicuous in "high society" as in the lesser world:

The famous historian Mr. Motley, when American Minister in London, hired a house in Arlington Street, where I was present at the first dinner he gave. He took much pains about the arrangement of his guests, and consulted me about it. At that time couples were sent in to dinner in pairs, but nobody's place was fixed. Mr. Motley told each guest by whom he was to sit, and was well satisfied with the arrangement. Unfortunately, the Turkish Ambassador was allotted to Lady Waldegrave, who did not care to have him as her neighbor. She consequently told him that his place was at the other side of the table. He, with Oriental politeness, did as she bade him, and sat down opposite to her. This upset the whole arrangement. The couples wandered about the room like sheep that were being driven out of a field. Mr. Motley, who had every merit except a good temper, went into a passion, and I nearly died of laughing.

The Lounger

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As an illustration of the respect for titles in England, Mr. Leveson-Gower tells how he called on a publisher with a manuscript of a translation that he had made. The publisher's name he does not mention:

One day I took my translation to a well-known publisher. It was a rainy day, and when I entered his room splashed with mud, I had all the appearance of a poor author. My reception was not encouraging. I was not asked to take a seat, and was curtly told that translations were of no use, as nobody read them. Rather nettled, I observed that I was encouraged by my brother to publish mine. "Pray, what is the name of your brother?" "Lord Granville." "Are you a brother of Lord Granville? I beg your pardon; pray take a seat!" And there was no longer any reluctance to discuss my proposal.



George Barr McCutcheon says that three months is ample time in which to write any light novel. Consequently his next one may be expected in the fall. A character study or a problem novel, such as "The Sherrods," he admits would take longer. A short story he considers presents difficulties altogether disproportioned to its length, unless indeed a short story be one episode, one link in a chain, virtually one chapter in a long story. Something of this kind is now claiming his attention: a humorous character study, a series of stories all of which concern one Anderson Crow, a blundering country detective who is filled with the pride of office and believes himself to be a second Sherlock Holmes, yet

though his fine theories are invariably mistaken, through accident or the help of friends he generally succeeds in his cases.



Photo by Clifton Johnson

MR. JOHN BURROUGHS

In his own special field John Burroughs has long been famous; but except among nature lovers he has been comparatively unknown until his journey as a companion of President Roosevelt into the valley of the Yellowstone made his name familiar to every newspaper reader in the country. This trip with the President was to Mr. Burroughs a noteworthy and in many respects a delightful experience, yet, after all, the best of it was the getting back to the quiet of his accus-

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Photo by Clifton Johnson

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Photo by Clifton Johnson

SLABSIDES: WHERE MR. JOHN BURROUGHS
SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME

tomed environment on the shores of the Hudson. For a score of years he has lived in a little village not far from Poughkeepsie. There he has a fruit farm and a substantial stone cottage that looks forth on the broad river from a thicket of evergreens.

Beyond the village as you go back from the stream are rocky, wooded ridges, making as wild a tract of forest

possibilities so impressed him that he had the swamp drained and cleared of débris, and on the rich virgin soil began growing celery. He gets wonderful crops, and though the land, by reason of the expense of subduing it, was costly, it makes generous returns on the investment.

The flourishing vegetables are a pleasure to look on, but they are only



Photo by Clifton Johnson

THE SLABSIDES FIREPLACE

country as one could well find in the immediate vicinity of civilization. For this rough upland Mr. Burroughs has a peculiar affection, and in one of its hollows he has built a rustic retreat where he spends much of his time and where he does nearly all of his writing. Before he took possession, it was a barbaric bit of swamp, full of brush and stumps and muddy pools. Its only apparent virtue was a convenient spring of cool pellucid water. But the place charmed Mr. Burroughs because of its seclusion from the noise and traffic of the Hudson valley, and, strangely enough, it appealed to his instinct as a farmer. Its agricultural

an adjunct to the house that stands on a broad shoulder of rock. "Slabsides," as Mr. Burroughs calls his domicile, is a rough and ready place that gets its name from the covering of its outer walls. The slabs have the bark on them. Their grays and browns are of nature's own tinting and serve to make the structure quite suggestive of a human bird's-nest. It is half hidden in the shrubbery, and the feathered folk and other little creatures of the forest come around it very familiarly. Sometimes a lordly eagle stops on a neighboring craggy height and looks down on the nature lover's retreat, and all these companions are welcomed by the

The Critic

observant dweller in the vernal hollow. The house interior is mostly furnished from the surrounding woods. The fireplace and big chimney are built from rocks found near by, and the tables, chairs, partitions, and other appointments are in large part constructed from saplings and tree-boles left as nearly in a state of nature as possible. It is at "Slabsides" more than any-

started off on his yacht one day last summer the newspapers could only tell us that his destination was some unknown point up the Hudson. But he was bound for "Slabsides," and there he ate a rural dinner of the naturalist's own preparing, and he no doubt entered into the pleasures of the quiet woodland environment with scarcely less delight than Mr. Burroughs himself.



MR. BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG IN HIS STUDY

where else that Mr. Burroughs entertains the visitors who come to see him, and the unconventional rusticity of the place adds vastly to the interest. The setting is entirely harmonious with the man—and where, indeed, could you meet this interpreter of nature to better advantage than amid the scenes he has most enjoyed and that he has already made us acquainted with in his books?

Mr. Burroughs's visitors are many. They include both friends and strangers, and among them are not a few persons of distinction, with President Roosevelt at the head of the list. When he

Miss Mary Heard sends me the following interesting account of Mr. Broughton Brandenburg and his work: The training school of the newspaper office, which has fostered by far the greater number of forceful American writers, seems to have set this interesting young man in the path of letters; then adventurous research in many parts of the world has given his work its unusual, broad, virile tone. An Ohioan by birth, he began writing for the Western papers as a mere boy, and when family financial reverses came he left college and went from "the campus to the police reporter's room." Before he was twenty he was known all over

the middle West as a football player, political writer, and sportsman. Then the Spanish-American war broke out, and, organizing his own syndicate of papers, he went to Cuba to represent them, and in the battle at El Caney won mention and assignment to General Wheeler's headquarters with the topographical corps, for "conspicuous bravery in caring for wounded of the Eighth U. S. Infantry under fire." The late Sylvester Scovel, hearing of the energy of the Western "cub-reporter," attached him to the bureau work for the Pulitzer publications. Injured and broken by fever at the end of the war, he entered Princeton in an endeavor to complete his college work, but the following year found him going to sea in an effort to shake off that sub-tropical fever which cost more lives in the campaign than did the Spanish bullets. The outbreak of the Boer war found him representing the New York *World* at the Cape, but he was injured at the very outset of the conflict. It was at this time that he took up seriously the studies by actual experience of the life of the seafaring man in steamships of to-day, which he later incorporated in "The Deep-Sea Sailor." The first article of its serial appearance in *Leslie's Magazine* brought him into instant notice. His best known feat of research, and one which shows his daring, thorough, and vigorous methods, was when he took his young wife from her uptown home in New York into a tiny Italian tenement room for long months in order to study the language, manners, customs, needs, and points of view of the immigrants. When equipped, they went in the steerage to Naples, lived in Southern Europe among the peasants, came back in the steerage, and passed through Ellis Island, so changed as to completely deceive even their intimate friends. Then he wrote "Imported Americans," which threw an entirely new light on the immigration question. He found himself alone in his field of intimate search for the true underlying principles of the great social problem, and pursuing it hardily, exposing himself among criminal bands of all sorts, he

gathered the astounding data presented in "Our Imported Criminals," which appeared serially in *Collier's* and which is to be published in book form this fall. As one result of his studies, he found himself recognized as the leading authority on immigration to-day, and by maintaining a large corps of correspondents both at home and abroad keeps himself supplied with facts instead of theories and arithmetically doctored statistics.



In the past six months Mr. Brandenburg has written important articles on the Chinese awakening, the works at Gibraltar, modern military machinery, Central American archæology, the development of Western Canada, the Hoffman engine discovery, Newfoundland and Labrador life, etc., with fiction stories of the circus, the sea, the Philippines, etc., sandwiched in to emphasize his versatility. When at home in New York, he and his wife have a studio workshop in Fifth Avenue in the seething centre of metropolitan life, and there I found him going over his reports to see if a certain anarchist escaped from Koenigsberg was likely to be a brother of a suspicious man in Pittsburg, whom a Washington official had telegraphed about.



Mr. J. A. Macy makes the following pertinent suggestions for an editorial prize contest:

"The Subscribers and Magazine Readers' Protective Association offers an unparalleled series of prizes in a competition open to all magazines.

"To the magazine or periodical printing one good short story between July 15, 1905, and January 1, 1908, we shall give a prize of one million dollars.

"To the magazine printing one good essay or exposition or argument in the same period, we shall give five hundred thousand dollars.

"To the magazine or periodical which prints one good poem of not less than ten lines or more than three (all Limericks to count as two or fifteen), we offer one hundred thousand dollars.

"Send your magazines flat or folded; do not roll. Each magazine should be

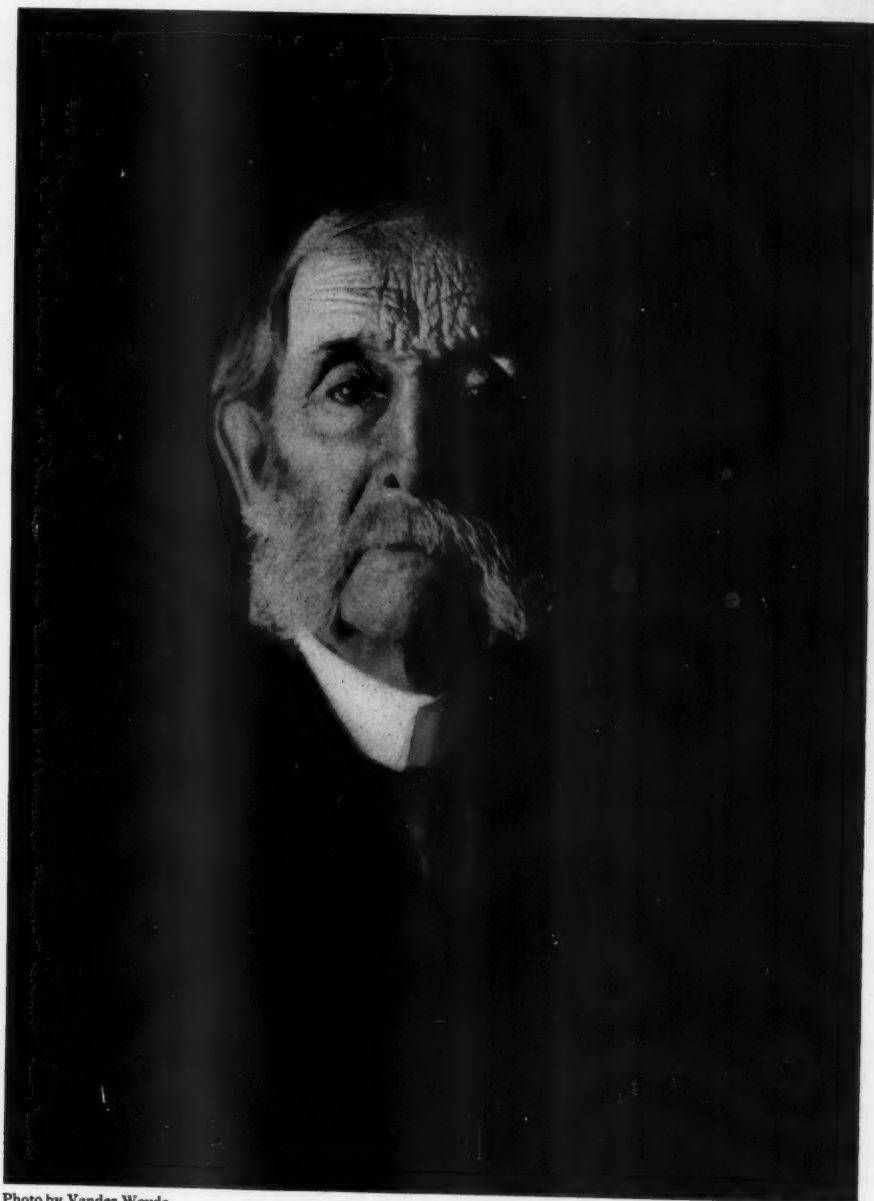


Photo by Vander Weyde

COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

accompanied by a stamped and addressed wrapper or the judges will not consider it.

"The judges will be President Roosevelt, Sir Alfred Austin, and Andrew Carnegie.

"A trained corps of magazine readers will subject the magazines to a preliminary examination.

"Magazines should be sent without the title-page and without advertisements, so that no one of the judges may know what magazine he is examining. This secrecy insures absolute fairness. Only a few people in the office of the Protective Association will be able to guess the identity of the magazine by its contents and they will not confer with the judges.

"No serials will be considered in this competition, as the judges have not time to read the illustrations.

"Every magazine, beside the prize winners, which is deemed worthy of acceptance will be paid for at the magazine's usual rate. We reserve the right to reject any and all competitors for reasons of our own. Since we expect to receive in this contest the best product of the five thousand great American publishers we shall look for not less than ten thousand magazines, and it will take at least two years after the competition closes on the 1st of January, 1908, to make the award.

"Every magazine that accompanies itself with ten dollars will be permitted to put the Association on its free list for a hundred years. Owing to the great number of competitors we cannot allow any magazine to send more than one copy."



On another page will be found an essay on "Literature as a Pursuit," by Colonel T. W. Higginson. I would like to call the special attention of those who are looking towards literature as a profession to this most sane and thoughtful article. Colonel Higginson has been among the fortunate ones as regards literature, for while he has never pandered to the sensational, never given anything but his best, which has been *the* best, to the public,

he has made fame and sufficient fortune for himself. The photograph of Colonel Higginson here reproduced was taken quite recently at Cambridge, before he left that city of literary atmosphere for the mountains of New Hampshire.



Mr. O. R. Howard Thomson, assistant librarian in charge of the Free Library of Philadelphia, writes:

Perusing as I do *THE CRITIC* each month with considerable enjoyment, I naturally noticed the article, cast in a fictional form, under the title of "The Unmasking of Sherlock Holmes," by Arthur Chapman, in the February number. This article seems to be written from the standpoint, more or less generally held, that Poe was the originator of the detective of the inductive method, Mons. Dupin; and that Sir Conan Doyle copied from him. Poe wrote his "Murders in the Rue Morgue" in 1841, whereas Voltaire published his "Zadig" in 1747, a tale which took its final form in 1775, and I cannot resist calling your attention to an incident in Zadig's life narrated in the third chapter. The persons searching for the queen's bitch meet Zadig, who immediately describes the animal as a "she spaniel," "lately whelped," "limps on the left fore foot," and "has very long ears." To the searchers for the king's horse, he describes the animal as follows: "He is the horse that gallops best—he is five feet high, with very small hoofs and a tail three feet and a half in length; the bosses of his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his shoes are silver of twenty-three pennyweight." Zadig obtained this information by an inductive method similar to that practised by Dupin and Holmes, and thereupon being taken for the thief, was condemned to the knout and perpetual banishment to Siberia; escaping this, he was condemned to pay four hundred ounces of gold for saying "he saw what he had not seen," though he ultimately escaped even this punishment.

Whereas I should not care to say that this is the earliest presentation of the "inductive detective" in literature, yet it is a century prior to Poe. Dumas published the "Vicomte de Bragelonne" in 1848-1850, and in the twenty-third chapter of volume iv., the picturesque D'Artagnan, pursuing the same method to obtain information for Louis XIV. in regard to the duel between De Wardes and De Guiche, out-herods Herod.

If you think it worth while to call attention to the source from which it is altogether probable that Poe obtained this much lauded idea, you are at liberty to use this letter.

"L' Isolée," the story that M. René Bazin has recently completed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is a painful and pathetic tale of the tragedy ensuing on the closing of the convent schools in France in 1902, and the enforced secularization of the nuns. M. Bazin's power of emotional expression is certain to arouse sympathy for the nuns, no matter what the political opinions of the reader may be. On the other hand, the same power of expression applied to the separation of families caused by the conventual life creates a revulsion of feeling against the life that nourishes the emotional nature at the expense of a sense of duty. The story is most interesting from either point of view.

Why have the Newport round tower and the skeleton in armor hitherto inspired no fiction? Surely Longfellow indicated sufficient romantic possibilities in them, long ago, yet Miss Ottilie Liljencrantz in her forthcoming novel, "The Song-Smith of Norumbega," is the first to weave them, with additions of her own, into a connected Scandinavian hero tale. Her hero is a skald as well as a viking, and in both capacities he "woo'd the blue-eyed maid" and with her "fled ever southward," until he reached Rhode Island. Why he built the round tower, how he defended it, and how catastrophe overwhelmed the ancient city of Norumbega, which, as every one knows, lies buried off our Atlantic coast, are now for the first time categorically set forth.

"At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern" sounds like the name of a Hallowe'en comedieta, or perhaps of an arts-and-crafts shoplet, but it is the name of the book Miss Myrtle Reed has now about finished, and it refers to an antique house which was bequeathed to the young hero of the tale by the old hero of the tale. The fact that the old man is dead and gone leaves him none the less a living influence, in fact the predominating influence of his former home. There is a love story, indeed two love stories, woven into the course

of the narrative, and there is, as might have been expected, much pleasant humor.

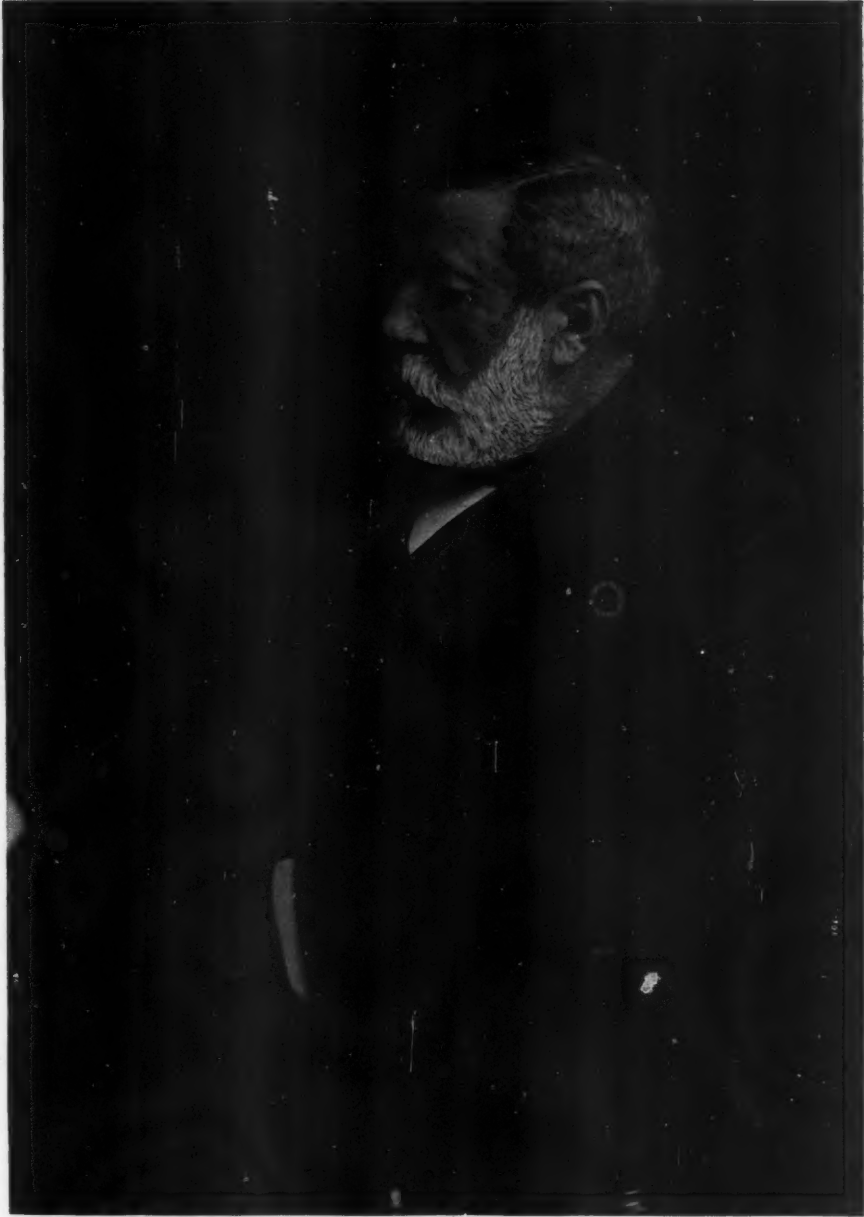
The following letter was received recently by a publishing house of this city from the librarian of a fruit growers' association of a Western city. I print the letter verbatim, only omitting the names of people and places.

DEAR SIR: One Mr. ——— purporting to be a agint funnisht the ——— Library With a Colection of Books on Fruit & Flower growing amongst them is one from your House Entitold Lawns and Gardens 414 pages price 3 50 By ——— Now this Book is not satisfactory as one End and front Has never been trimd or finisht in any way— one End is finisht in gilt nice As Mr ——— the agint is goen and Wont return and Was goen When the Society Recd the Books We ask you if you Kno Why We Have been imposed upon in this Way We paid Him dearly for our Books for our Library and was to Have the Vary Best
Yours With Respect

Evidently this librarian has never heard of the gilt-top untrimmed edges book.

With his great bulk of chest, Mr. Rex E. Beach, author of "Pardners," is not the usual type of fast swimmers. When he joined the Chicago Athletic Club, the coach reluctantly allowed him to enter a swimming contest, saying to a bystander: "If the fellow tries to swim a hundred yards, he'll drown." Beach climbed out of the water in that race with a novice world's record for one hundred yards. Long before that he had established certain American records for short distances, and he was the winner of the one-mile handicap swimming race at last year's Olympian Games in St. Louis. But his most remarkable feat happened in Alaska. Soon after going north he succeeded in framing up a race with a man who had imported a reputation for swimming. Beach wrote to a friend about it:

The race was pulled off before an appreciative bunch of loggers and miners, and the money for the winner was piled on a blanket of logs with the understanding that the first man ashore was to take it all. We swam inside the Arctic Circle; and the temperature of the stream was not conducive to a



Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

PROFESSOR CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT
AND THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM
(See page 115)

slow gait. I assumed the regular racing stroke, a revelation to them; and the shift boss ran out on the boom, grabbed the money and gave it back to the men who had bet, and protested that I did not swim right and proper and according to Hoyle and the Alaskan Code, but that I crawled over the water.

Mr. Beach spent five years in Alaska and the Northwest and got at first

AS WE SEE OURSELVES

E.B.



This caricature was drawn for Dreamland by Miss Ethel Barrymore

hand the material he has put to vivid and humorous use in his book. He is making headway now with a series of stories concerning athletics as practised professionally in the unsettled West and is engaged also on an Alaskan novel.

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The report of Miss Ethel Barrymore's engagement to Captain Harry Graham reminds his publishers that Captain Graham dedicated his last and most successful book to her. "Misrepresentative Men" has for frontispiece a portrait of Miss Barrymore, and dedicatory verses of which the following is the closing stanza:

"Accept these verses then, I pray,
Disarming press and public too,
For what can hostile critics say?
What else is left for them to do,
Because of you,

But view with kindness this collection,
Which bears the seal of your protection?"

"Misrepresentative Men" is now in its fourth edition and the publishers announce "More Misrepresentative Men" for early publication. Captain Graham, who until lately was Aide to the Governor General of Canada, is now Secretary to Lord Rosebery.

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Dreamland is the title of an interesting little sheet modelled on the lines of the German *Jugend*. Its principal contributors are Mr. Oliver Herford and Miss Carolyn Wells. I reproduce two sketches from the first number.

22

Some time ago we had "A Publisher's Confession," which, as I noted in writing of the book, confessed nothing. Now we have "The Confessions of Lord Byron" (Scribners), which are more in the nature of confessions than

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA



This caricature was drawn for Dreamland by Booth Tarkington

the "Publisher's Confessions," though at the same time his Lordship does not confess all his sins in this stout volume. The book is really a collection of Byron's private opinions of men and matters, taken from the new edition of

his letters and journals. It is arranged by Mr. W. A. Lewis Bettany, the compiler of a volume of "Johnson's Table-Talk," a book made on the same plan. To get a speaking likeness of Byron, his present editor says, "you must go to his correspondence, to those letters in which he reproduces his own lineaments on every page."



Apart from the revelations in these letters of Byron, the peer and the poet, apart from "their interesting display of some of the raw material that their writer subsequently worked up into "Don Juan," the letters in the present volume are chiefly noteworthy for the extent and variety of the literary allusions which they contain. Of all the famous letter-writers, Byron is proved to be the most lavish of quotations. He cites Shakespeare in his letters no less than 156 times, either making use of stock extracts from the tragedies, or adopting from comedies, tragedies, or histories some ludicrous image or "fighting speech." Mr. Bettany even tells us that Byron sometimes uses quotations, particularly from Johnson, without putting in the quotation marks, while, on the other hand, he puts words into Johnson's mouth which Mr. Bettany, who is an authority on Johnson, cannot find in any of his works.

On the subject of stimulants he says:

I can drink, and bear a good deal of wine (as you may recollect in England); but it don't exhilarate—it makes me savage and suspicious, and even quarrelsome. Laudanum has a similar effect; but I can take much of it without any effect at all. The thing that gives me the highest spirits (it seems absurd, but true) is a dose of salts—I mean in the afternoon, after their effect. But one can't take them like champagne.



Again on the subject of his passions he says:

My passions were developed very early—so early that few would believe me if I were to state the period and the facts which accompanied it. Perhaps this was one of the reasons which caused the anticipated melancholy of my thoughts—having anticipated life.

On the subject of his religious views he says: "A death-bed is a matter of nerves and constitution, not of religion," continuing:

To be plain with regard to myself. Nature stamp't me in the Die of Indifference. I consider myself as destined never to be happy, although in some instances fortunate. I am an isolated Being on the Earth, without a Tie to attach me to life, except a few School-fellows, and a *score of females*. Let me but "hear my fame on the winds" and the song of the Bards in my Norman house, I ask no more and don't expect so much. Of Religion I know nothing, at least in its *favor*. We have *fools* in all sects and Impostors in most; why should I believe mysteries no one understands, because written by men who chose to mistake madness for Inspiration, and style themselves *Evangelicals*?



As to his confessions on the subject of literature Byron writes:

I have no patience with the sort of trash you send me out by way of books; except Scott's novels, and three or four other things, I never saw such work or works. Campbell is lecturing, Moore idling, Southey twaddling, Wordsworth driveling, Coleridge muddling, Joanna Baillie piddling, Bowles quibbling, squabbling, and sniveling. Milman will *do*, if he don't cant too much, nor imitate Southey: the fellow has poesy in him; but he is envious and unhappy, as all the envious are. Still he is among the best of the day. Barry Cornwall will do better by-and-by, I dare say, if he don't get spoilt by green tea, and the praises of Pentonville and Paradise Row. The pity of these men is, that they never lived either in *high life*, nor in *solitude*; there is no medium for the knowledge of the *busy* or the *still* world. If admitted into high life for a season, it is merely as *spectators*—they form no part of the Mechanism thereof. Now Moore and I, the one by circumstances, and the other by birth, happened to be free of the corporation, and to have entered into its pulses and passions, *quarum partes fuimus*. Both of us have learnt by this much which nothing else could have taught us.

In another letter he says, "I do not draw well with literary men." Not that he disliked them, but he never knew what to say to them after he had praised their last publication,—which is rather hard on literary men.

Any one who wants to get an impression of Byron at first hand can do no better than to read these so-called confessions; but he had better read some outside opinion as well.

John Hay*

By JOSEPH B. GILDER

As the latest of a long line of literary diplomats, and one of the most distinguished of the number, John Hay claimed the attention of THE CRITIC and its readers as long ago as March, 1897. Later years have added little to his renown as a writer, but have established his reputation as a statesman on unshakable foundations.

The story of Mr. Hay's life is one of steady development and prosperity: good fortune attended him at every turn. The only thing in which he might be said to have failed of success was his profession. Educated for the law, and admitted to the bar in early manhood, he turned his back upon the toils and triumphs that lawyers know, at the first call from another quarter. And yet, as it was his vocation that brought him into personal relations with Abraham Lincoln, while he was still a student in his uncle's office, his profession was instrumental, after all, in starting him on the unchecked career that ended untimely a month ago; and there can be no doubt that he would have become eminent as a legal practitioner, had not his steps been so early and so happily diverted into paths of wider usefulness.

Going through the memorable campaign of 1860 with the future President, and accompanying him to Washington as assistant secretary, he gained, during the trying period of the Civil War, an experience of men and measures that stood him in good stead in later years. From 1865 to 1870 he served as Secretary of Legation, first in Paris, under Mr. Bigelow, and then in Madrid, under General Sickles; rounding out the five years as *Chargé d'Affaires* at Vienna. The following lustrum was passed in New York, where Horace Greeley welcomed him as the most brilliant writer on his staff, and where, when White-law Reid succeeded Greeley in the editorship of the *Tribune*, he became sub-editor—neither of the two men,

perhaps, then dreaming of the distinguished diplomatic future that lay before them.

In 1875 Mr. Hay removed to Cleveland, the home of the wife he had married while engaged in journalistic work. Not long afterwards, President Hayes called him to Washington as Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts being his chief during the two years that he filled this office; and in 1881, he presided over the sessions of the International Sanitary Congress at the capital. It was not till 1897 that he again became conspicuous in public affairs. In that year his old friend Mr. McKinley, entering on his first term as President, sent him to England as Ambassador; and when Judge Day resigned the Secretaryship of State, after the war with Spain in 1898, Mr. Hay was recalled to America to succeed him.

His achievements in that important post are too recent to call for detailed mention; suffice it to say that he negotiated a greater number of treaties than any of his predecessors, and more important ones than any but a few of them had signed. The abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer compact, which had given England an interest in the proposed American inter-oceanic canal, the settlement by arbitration of the Alaska boundary dispute, and above all the intervention in Chinese affairs which resulted in the adhesion of Europe to the "open door" policy in that country, and averted the threatened partition of the empire among the powers,—these three triumphs alone would have sufficed to assure the permanence of his fame.

Whether his reputation as an author will prove as lasting is another question. Had he devoted his uncommon abilities as earnestly to the art of literature as he addressed himself to the business of statesmanship, it is possible that he would have achieved as much in letters as he did in diplomacy. His

* For illustration, see Frontispiece.

racy "Pike County Ballads"—"Jim Bludso," "Little Breeches," etc.—had an immediate and deserved success at home, and made his name familiar to British journalists long before he went to London as his country's representative. "Castilian Days," the clear-cut prose memento of his sojourn in the Iberian peninsula, has run through many editions. An anonymous novel, "The Breadwinners," confidently attributed to his pen, met with an almost sensational success. And the "Life of Lincoln," written in collaboration with his fellow-secretary, Colonel Nicolay—the standard biography of an epoch-making man—is in its way a masterpiece. But the literary quality of nothing that he wrote was finer than that of the addresses—all too few—which he was called upon to deliver during the year and a half of his service near the Court of St. James's. Speech-making is by no means the least important function of a diplomat, nowadays, and Mr. Hay was able to give to the writing of these literary and other addresses the time and thought necessary to make them works of art. His duties as Secretary of State were far more arduous. The worry rather than the work they in-

involved not only shortened his life, but apparently put an immediate and premature end to his literary activities. And so it happens that lovers of literature have double reason to deplore his appointment to the high and responsible post he held so long and so ably. Had President Roosevelt accepted the resignations of the members of his predecessor's Cabinet, Mr. Hay might have attained the ripe age of his early diplomatic chiefs, Mr. Bigelow and General Sickles, both of whom are still living, and still engaged in literary undertakings.

Like Lowell—whose diplomatic service abroad ended, as did his, in England—John Hay was poet, essayist, humorist, and an effective public speaker; and like Lowell he was a correspondent who seldom failed to put into his letters something that made them well worth saving. The same quality—the feminine quality of charm—that made his correspondence so cherishable was equally potent in his speech and manner. His geniality and wit and personal loyalty made his friendship a delight, while his candor and loyalty to high ideals made it an inspiration. As a statesman it may be possible, however difficult, to replace him; as a man, his loss is irreparable.



A Letter from the Author of "The Masquerader"

[It is with much pleasure that we print this letter from Mrs. Katherine C. Thurston, the author of "The Masquerader." If any reader of Mr. Lewis's article in the June number of *THE CRITIC* had a lingering doubt as to the originality of Mrs. Thurston's plot and its working out, that doubt will be dispelled by the reading of her very frank and convincing letter. Mrs. Thurston was as much surprised at the similarity between the two stories when she read Mr. Lewis's article as he was when he made the discovery. Coincidences of this sort are not uncommon, and we never for a moment doubted that Mrs. Thurston was entirely guiltless of the sin of plagiarism, and this belief was definitely expressed in an editorial note preceding Mr. Lewis's article.—EDITOR OF *THE CRITIC*.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE CRITIC":

It was only to-day that my attention was called to an article by Mr. Sinclair Lewis which appeared in your paper under the heading "Did Mrs. Thurston get the idea of 'The Masquerader' from Mr. Zangwill?"

I may as well state at once that my first feeling upon seeing the heading of this article was one of resentment. For I have always held that plagiarism is, of all literary sins, infinitely the most unpardonable; and have flattered myself that it could never be honestly laid to my own door.

But, as I read the article itself, I confess that my anger gave place to amazement, for certainly the facts brought forward by Mr. Lewis are to me very amazing—forming, as they do, the most extraordinary case of dual suggestion that has come within my knowledge. For let me state—finally and emphatically—that I have never seen a copy of Mr. Zangwill's "The Premier and the Painter"; the book has never been discussed—or even mentioned—in my presence; the story, even in the most shadowy outline, has never been related to me.

I am fully aware that, despite your courteous note at the beginning of the article, Mr. Lewis's discovery places

me in a difficult position. It is impossible for me to allow the matter to go unnoticed; yet, in refuting the imputation, I have only my personal statement to offer. One circumstance alone reassures me—the fact that two questions must suggest themselves to those who give the matter consideration: Firstly, would any writer having sufficient ingenuity to "popularize"—as Mr. Lewis graphically puts it—another writer's work, be so grossly stupid as to use not only the same scenes, the same characters, but actually the same atmosphere and environment as those in the original story?

Secondly, would any writer who had been fortunate enough to gain some measure of success with a first book consciously risk the danger of stealing for a second book a story published within the last seventeen years—by a writer as much in the public eye as Mr. Zangwill?

I think that any impartial judge should answer "no" to both these questions.

Begging that, if it is possible, you will give publicity to this letter, I remain, yours very truly,

KATHERINE C. THURSTON.

LONDON, June 20, 1905.



Professor Charles Sprague Sargent and the Arnold Arboretum

By FRANCES DUNCAN

IN these days when hurried superficial dabbling in a subject goes by the name of work, when the product is neatly fitted to the demand of the hour, the magazine article written "while you wait," Professor Charles Sprague Sargent's years of quiet, steadfast work and definite accomplishment are a cause for peculiar and lasting gratitude.

To those whose itinerary does not include a visit to the interesting acres near Boston, Professor Sargent is known chiefly as the author of the "Silva of North America"—the fourteen large quarto volumes which make the most notable botanical work ever published in America; and the Arboretum is known as Professor Sargent's headquarters. Into this "Silva" Mr. Sargent has put almost twenty years of study, and it stands quite alone in American botanical writing; the ablest contribution to dendrological literature made during the last century; a work which no tree lover can regard with any other feeling than that of reverent admiration. Professor Sargent might well have thought this enough of an accomplishment for a lifetime, but since the last volume of the "Silva" appeared, a large quarto, "Trees and Shrubs," which concerns itself with new or little-known plants, is published at irregular intervals, and Dr. Sargent's new "Manual of the Trees" is a book of rare value. In the first place the "little Silva," as it is familiarly called at the Arboretum, is essentially a condensation of the great work, thoroughly scientific in character and yet clear enough to be followed by one whose instruction has been derived chiefly from "How-to-Know" books. It is a fat octavo, convenient to handle and within the reach of any tree-student's pocket-book, which the larger "Silva," alas! was not. Like the great work, the "Manual of Trees" benefits much

from Mr. C. E. Faxon's accurate and beautiful botanical drawings.

It is exceedingly difficult to speak of the Arnold Arboretum at Jamaica Plain and of Professor Sargent separately. Quite as much as Montaigne was his essays, is the Arboretum Professor Sargent, with some admixture however of Mr. C. E. Faxon's quiet scholarship and the rugged and interesting personality of the Superintendent, Mr. Jackson Dawson. Since its inception Professor Sargent has been Director of the institution. He has planned and labored and fought for it, used his private means when the funds grew low, and brought it from the small beginning of the \$100,000 bequest of Mr. James Arnold, of New Bedford, for the "promotion of agricultural or horticultural improvements, or other philosophical or philanthropic purposes," to its present position—recognized abroad, as well as at home, and the headquarters in America of knowledge of trees and shrubs. It is through Professor Sargent's generosity that the Arboretum possesses a library of rare value. There are other botanical libraries containing more volumes, but for books relating to dendrology and arboriculture it is the most complete in the world. The herbarium, moreover, is the richest in the country in arborescent flora—this blessed state also is chiefly due to Professor Sargent's private enterprise. The collection of data for the Tenth Census Report on the Forest Trees of North America was under his direction; so also was the making of the admirable Jesup Collection of American Woods (now in the Museum of Natural History, New York); from these and from the collection of specimens for Dr. Sargent's own "Silva of North America" the herbarium of the Arboretum has profited.

Since its origin, the Arboretum has been exceedingly fortunate in the con-

nections it has formed. The first, made in its infancy, was with Harvard, the University taking the responsibility of the trust fund, setting apart sufficient land from the farm of the Bussey Institution in what was then known as West Roxbury (this Bussey Institution was and is under the management of Harvard, having been given by Benjamin Bussey as a school for practical agriculture and gardening), and the infant institution was saved the expense of land. It was at this time that Dr. Sargent, then Director of the Harvard Botanical Garden at Cambridge, became Director of the young institution.

The next connection formed by the Arboretum, for the accomplishment of which Professor Sargent labored long and earnestly, was an interesting union of learning and politics. In 1877-78 the Boston Park System was under consideration. It was therefore proposed that the city should buy for the Arboretum some adjoining lands, agree to build the roads, supply suitable police; the college in its turn would agree to throw open the Arboretum to the public, making it virtually a public park. This agreement was made. The city took formal possession of the Arboretum lands, and then leased them to Harvard for one thousand years at the low rental of one dollar a year, the college having the privilege of renewing the lease. All the management and maintenance of the place, therefore, rests with the Arboretum, except the maintenance of roads.

The Superintendent of the Arboretum, Mr. Jackson Dawson, has been with the institution since its beginning. Except for a few indigenous, original trees, every tree and shrub in the one hundred acres has been planted by him or under his direction. Mr. Dawson is very well known for his skill in the propagation of plants, no matter how rare or difficult; with the aid of a small greenhouse, lacking many of the conveniences other gardeners consider imperative, he can accomplish results which are the admiration and despair of many of his horticultural brethren. Here on greenhouse benches are seed-

lings of rare forest trees of Japan or China, here are experiments in acclimatizing and hybridization. Some of our best climbing roses, such as the Dawson, Farquhar, the new Lady Duncan, are due to Mr. Dawson's skill.

Almost as long as that of Dr. Sargent and the Superintendent has been the connection of Mr. Charles E. Faxon with the Arboretum. Mr. Faxon is in charge of the library and the herbarium and is well known in scientific circles for his wide and intimate botanical knowledge. To the public he is known chiefly for the beautiful and exact pen-and-ink drawings which have illustrated all of Professor Sargent's work.

To the chance visitor, driving for the first time between the vine-covered gate-posts of one of the Arboretum entrances, the place does not seem unlike an ordinary park. That the trees and shrubs on its two hundred and twenty acres are planted in botanical sequence does not destroy this impression. Now and then one may chance on a group of students trailing after an instructor, who now stops to discourse, now walks ahead to another plant. This is probably Mr. Jack's Harvard class in dendrology, or, if there is an admixture of women in the group, it may be his field class, to which any one may belong, regardless of age, sex, or intellectual conditions. Then, too, one sometimes sees, in the "Order," where the shrubs are ranged, variety by variety, each after his kind, a stray student, note-book in hand, pausing at a shrub to jot down name and number. There are the miles of macadam drives planned by Mr. Olmsted; one may climb Bussey Hill to the lookout and see from Boston Harbor on the south to the Blue Hills on the north. One of the most striking features is a wooded ravine called Hemlock Hill, strong and a bit awesome in its rugged picturesqueness. In lilac time, especially, the Arboretum is gay with the carriages of pleasure drivers, for one drive is bordered with more than a hundred and fifty different varieties, ranging from the pure white and pale rose of Marie Legraye and Lilarosa to the deep color of Charles X.—a sight no good Boston-

ian will miss. Also when the Pyrus section is abloom is another time of pilgrimage—under which decorous and reticent bit of information one learns that the exquisite wealth of flowering apples, from the dainty Chinese Toringo to the native crabs, may be had for the trouble of going to the Forest Hills entrance. These are perhaps the first ideas one gets of the Arboretum. But the stranger passing through gets but the merest tithe of the enjoyment the place holds for those who gain an intimate knowledge. And if one looks to be startled and astonished by striking color schemes, he will be disappointed. The Arboretum does not tell all it knows on a first acquaintance.

After one becomes "wonted" to the place, in the old phrase, knows where this tree and that shrub may be found, learns the trick of comparing variety with variety, which becomes an endless and unending fascination, learns to watch for the changes, slight, subtle, and rapid, that pass before his eyes, the Arboretum becomes quite another place. When their constitutional peculiarities do not make it impossible, tree and shrub are planted in their botanical sequence, each carefully labelled and marked with name and number. The number, as any *habitué* of the place knows, refers to the record kept in the Herbarium Building, a kind of dendrological "Who's Who" in the Arboretum, in which one may find when the shrub was planted, from whence it came, whether it began life as graft or seed or cutting, and all other biographical details.

The Herbarium Building is the gift of Mr. H. H. Hunnewell and is variously known as the Administration Building, the Library, the Tree Museum—for it is all of these, but also and chiefly is it Professor Sargent's headquarters. Throughout all quiet and well-ordered Boston there is no quieter place than within this brick Herbarium Building. One pushes open the heavy doors, and the place is silent—silent as an empty school room. On the first floor is the museum, the admirable Jesup Collection of Ameri-

can Woods, the counterpart of the collection in the New York Museum of Natural History. Going up the narrow, fire-proof stairs one finds quiet also, but another atmosphere. Here is a paradise for a tree-student, the best working library on dendrology in existence; there are rare old books such as *De Arboribus Coniferis*—the first book devoted exclusively to conifers; exquisitely illustrated Japanese books with descriptive text in French for those of us whose Japanese is imperfect; everything from the most recent scientific treatise to such blessed garden-worthies as Parkinson and John Gerarde. Seated at the long library table one usually finds Professor Sargent, hard at work, even of a Thanksgiving morning at half-past eight.

Going from the library one passes two or three small offices (belonging to Professor Sargent, Mr. Faxon, and Mr. Jack), and comes to the large workroom. Tall herbarium cases divide this room into alcoves, and in each alcove is a long table. Here one may work in a peace and quietness undreamt of in New York, the only sound being that of the thrushes in the Japanese apple-trees outside the window. One may look up specimens in the herbarium if the trees themselves are not in flower or fruit, bring what books one chooses from the library across the hall, leave them at night, and—blessed privilege—find books and papers in the morning precisely as one left them. For at the Arboretum the virtue of hospitality is practised towards any honestly-inquiring stranger within the gates. One may even borrow a vasculum for collecting specimens from the live museum out of doors, care for those same specimens in the botanical presses in the attic overhead. Mr. Faxon or Mr. Jack will determine the species in case of doubt, and Dr. Sargent will often act the part of a kindly encyclopædia. But a benefit beyond the tangible help of this courtesy and kindness is the serene and peaceful atmosphere of steadfast, unhurried accomplishment, of work done with such care and precision as if one had all eternity to do it in. This atmosphere

has often a very salutary effect, and I doubt if the most fatally facile scribbler of us all, to whom, in the courage of his lack of information, tree and shrub and plant are but so much "copy"—I doubt if such an one was ever long under the influence of the quiet scholarship of the Arboretum without resolving, if only temporarily, to write no more until, haply, he became more competent. Though they must afford them no small amount of quiet amusement, the Arboretum authorities, however, are exceedingly tolerant toward this same race of nature-writers who come to Jamaica Plain that they may book-make more conveniently about the unoffending trees and shrubs.

Professor Sargent once asked the present writer about a prospective book, "when it was to appear?" That person, who had been long enough at the Arboretum to have a proper estimate of the comparative urgency of the need of bestowing her wisdom on the world lying in darkness, said that the book was to "wait until I knew a bit more."

"You should not hesitate upon that score," said Professor Sargent encouragingly; "if your knowledge of the subject is but slight, you are so much the more—unhampered!"

The Arboretum has had no publication of its own, no individual bulletin, since *Garden and Forest* was discontinued. Into this magazine was put able scholarship and a wealth of authoritative and worthy horticultural literature. Much of the present intelligent interest in forestry, the revival in horticulture, may be traced to the noble and disinterested pioneer work done by Professor Sargent through the pages of *Garden and Forest*. It is, alas! no longer published. For years it was sustained by the Director of the Arboretum and his friends at a heavy expense; and it is a rather melancholy comment on American interest in horticulture and forestry that superficial and invertebrate garden-writing, well illustrated, will prove self-supporting and even profitable, while an able, scholarly magazine of high ideals and

fine achievement proves unsuccessful from a financial standpoint. In 1897 Professor Sargent discontinued the publication of *Garden and Forest*. Since then no horticultural magazine has appeared in America which can rank for a moment in sincerity and worth with the best of the foreign publications. The truth is that we Americans are horticulturally in our infancy as yet, and cannot digest anything resembling strong meat. Our horticulture, like our breakfast foods, must be of the kind which can be prepared in one minute and requires neither cooking before taking nor digestion after.

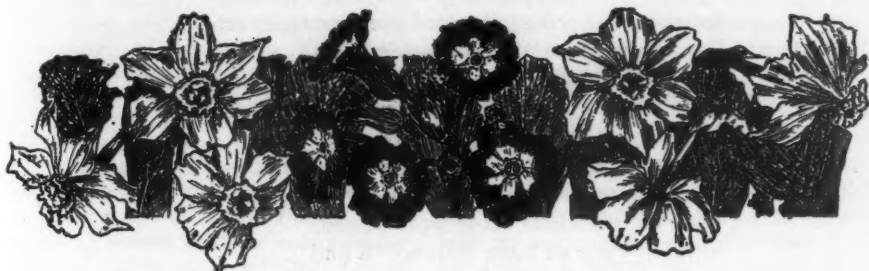
Although the peaceful and charming acres of the Arboretum, gay with flowering shrubs and trees, seem more like a lovely park than a live dendrology and a place for study, though the big Herbarium Building is quietness and placidity itself, yet the place is the centre of wide activities. That, in the short space of thirty years, with an endowment on which a small private school would starve, the Arboretum has not only taken rank in the completeness of its living collection, its library, and herbarium with the greatest institutions in the Old World, which have been centuries in the making, but has the best equipment in existence for the study of dendrology, is an astonishing achievement. To the credit of the Arboretum also, as the work of its Director, stand *Garden and Forest*, the "Trees and Shrubs," the new "Manual of Trees," and the "Silva of North America."

The wide and far-reaching influence of the Arboretum is also seen in the increasingly intelligent planting of trees and shrubs, in the introduction of foreign plants of worth, and in making known abroad valuable American species; for plants come to the Arboretum from the four quarters of the earth, and multitudes of grafts and seeds and cuttings are sent, in exchange. Its influence may also be seen in the happily increasing use in American gardening of native trees and shrubs. In forestry, also, the Arboretum has borne a worthy part. It

would not be too much to say that Professor Sargent has done more than any one man in America for the preservation of our shamefully misused forests.

Great as are the tangible benefits of this institution, its intangible benefits are greater. In this day, when a lowering of the ideal is, for institution

and individual, so pitifully easy, the Arnold Arboretum, both in its work as a scientific institution and in the individual enterprises of the Director and his associates, has held to its high and exacting standard. For which entireness of devotion and rare steadfastness of purpose we should "thank Heaven fasting."



Hope for the Western World!

Addressed to Certain Pessimistic Prophets

By TIMON OF GOTHAM

WHAT hope ('t is asked) shall stay our Western World,
When all Mongolia's banners are unfurled?
When Far Cathay and Warlike Nippon join,
And set their wits to raking in our coin?
Each coign of vantage then they will possess,—
They 'll manufacture for themselves,—ah, yes!
And for us, too, and flood all Western marts,
So soon as they have learned our dexterous arts;
For ant-like labor and precocious skill
Must tell . . . but then, they may, and doubtless will,
Acquire, with our Caucasian virtues proud,
The vices of their brethren, straighter-browed,
And, when those blessed Mongols incorrupt
On our base viands oft and full have supped,
Their constitutions being undermined,
Allies in vices we have lent, we 'll find! . . .
How strange that I forgot!—This has been done;
The Opium Trade was long ago begun!
It was our Cousin Albion's happy thought,
And was with prompt, material profit fraught!
This was a bold and brave beginning, ay;
And we, in competition, can but *try*.
Let 's meet the Mongols, then, while there is time,
Let 's make th' Almighty Dollar sweetly chime
Within their listening ears; and rouse up Greed,
And graft on Graft, and teach all ways of speed,
Automobilian, towards the Golden Goal!
Like silly fish we 'll take them, shoal on shoal,
With gaudy "flies" of tips and all fat bait,
With Trusts and Anti-trusts that shark-mouthed wait,
Betrayers all—and saviors that betray,
Keeping the folk they save for their own prey.
(For Frenzied Financiers do but make way
For methods mad that for the people "lay"!)
Ah, yes! The Yellow Peril will forfend,
If in the East our saving vices we will lend!

A Concord Note-Book

Ellery Channing and his Table-Talk

SECOND PAPER

By F. B. SANBORN

OF Emerson, whom he had personally known for more than forty years, Channing had naturally much to say. They had great intimacy in the first thirty of those years; less and less in the last ten, when Emerson took fewer or shorter walks, and retired more within himself after 1873. He was, in fact, one of the most spontaneous and flowing men in conversation,—not with the Irish fluency, but with thought and humor and close observation in every hour of his talk. For some reason or other, Channing chose to ignore this well-known fact in one of his evening talks, and went on thus: "Mr. Emerson, when I used to walk with him two or three afternoons in the week, was a most reticent person,—a bad word, but it expresses it,—he would say almost nothing in the whole walk,—I could get nothing out of him." "That is what Mr. Emerson once said to me about you, Mr. Channing." "He never could have said so,—it was not true of me, but it was of him; he was more chary of his speech than anybody I ever saw. He was the most stoical person, too; nothing made an impression on him; he was equally polite to all persons,—to Edmund Hosmer as much as to the most fashionable and worldly person,—he was the most polite man I ever knew. He was intimate with nobody; not with Mr. Thoreau in his later years,—nor ever very intimate with him. Thoreau stood rather in fear of him, as one who had more culture and knowledge of society, while he looked upon himself as a sort of wild man,—as in a manner he was."

I said: "A great many persons had that feeling toward Mr. Emerson, as a superior person, with whom you could not be intimate." "Yes, women felt it very much, if they tried to be familiar with him; Sophia Hawthorne has often spoken of that to me; it was the

distance at which he kept himself aloof; no one came very near, and what went on around him did not affect him at all. I have twice driven with him to a lecture of his in Lowell [the distance is fourteen miles]; we would not get back in Concord till after eleven at night, and the road was sometimes so dark we would get out and walk, leading the horse; Mr. Emerson paid no attention to such things as that; nor to his difficulties in money matters. He was often short of money at one time; his lecturing, which was then his chief income, would sometimes give out, and he would have to borrow money."

And now for the *per contra* of this account of a long friendship. In May, 1897, while sipping his glass of Spanish port after supper, Channing told of a visit he once made with Emerson to the villa of a former parishioner, C. F. Hovey, the Boston merchant, who had retired to Gloucester; and he said: "Mr. Hovey was one of Mr. Emerson's parishioners in the Second Church on Hanover Street, as was Abel Adams, who lived in a house in Winthrop Place. Another old parishioner was George Sampson, with whom Emerson used to correspond. They were very fond of Mr. Emerson, all those people; he must have had a great power of inspiring affection in ordinary people, or they would not have cared for him. He could not have been the cold, formal person that some thought him; he must have had a warm and tender heart. He admired Mr. Hovey greatly for his moral qualities; as a reformer Emerson thought him quite right. At the house of Abel Adams he invariably stayed when he did not go to a hotel in Boston,—and he did not often go to hotels as long as the Adamses continued to live in Winthrop Place. They kept their house very hot, so that sometimes I thought I must get up and go out; the rooms were small, but richly fur-

nished in red velvet, and the whole household and table service was the best; for Miss Adams was a plain, good housekeeper, in whose establishment all went well; she was not one of those fools who never have fifty cents in their pocket to buy a beefsteak, but she had plenty of money." (This was aimed at the Concord housekeeping, which often came under Channing's censure, though he ate very sparingly.)

"I heard Mr. Emerson give a course of lectures on Science at the Masonic Temple on Tremont Street,—one of the first courses ever delivered in Boston by an able man." I said: "Yes, he gave one lecture on the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris, in November, 1833, soon after his return from Europe; its nominal subject was 'The Uses of Natural History,' and it was the opening lecture of a course before the Boston Society of Natural History. There was one lecture on Mineralogy, one on Botany, and one on Geology, I believe,—I may not have heard them all." (In fact, the first lecture had to do with Botany; the second, on "The Relation of Man to the Globe," given in December, 1833, must have dealt both with Geology and Mineralogy; and a third lecture, in January, 1834, before the Mechanics' Institute, on "Water," must have dealt with Chemistry. In May, 1834, he gave the annual address before the Natural History Society, taking "The Naturalist" as his subject,—the place of natural history in a scheme of general education.) "It was odd that Mr. Emerson should be asked to lecture on Science, who was never a scientific man." I said: "The details of science were foreign to him,—he would not 'lose himself in nomenclature,' as he said in one of these early discourses,—but he understood the great principles of all science, and knew how to state them." Channing said: "He made brilliant quotations in those lectures, and got along with that. They were given in the plainest of all halls at the Temple,—holding perhaps seven hundred persons, with white pine benches, unpainted, and arranged one row above another, and so steep that if you fell off you would roll down to

the very bottom of the pit. Oh, what a good lecturer he was! what fine people went to hear him! and after the evening lecture some friend would invite him to his house to be refreshed and amused,—for he could be amused at that period. It was then the custom to have a substantial supper at half-past nine; now all that has gone to the bottom,—long ago. He was a privileged person in the Adams family, came and went as he pleased, as if a son or brother, and a member of the household."

This criticism of Emerson's impenetrability was often repeated by Channing; he expressed it in letters I have seen, and in 1849 he said to his brother-in-law, Colonel Higginson: "Emerson is a terrible man to deal with; one has to be armed at all points. He threshes you out very soon; is admirably skilful, and able to go anywhere or do anything. Those nearest to him feel him hard and cold; no one knows what he is doing or studying; the highest things in him are almost inaccessible. Nobody knows what his real philosophy is; his books do not tell it. I have known him intimately for years and have not found it out. Elizabeth Hoar has got more from him than anybody; but women generally do not like him; he cannot establish a personal relation with any one, while he can get on agreeably with everybody. Emerson has now no love of beauty, or knowledge of it; he gave that all up after he wrote 'Nature.' He is now all humanitarian; but, like a very shrewd Yankee merchant, he saw early that he must have a system if he wanted to make an impression; everybody being so unsettled, he must be fixed."

This was but one phase of his views of Emerson, to whom he has paid the highest compliments. He regarded Dr. Channing as having been a sort of precursor of Emerson, especially in the matter of breaking up the long Johnsonian period into short, epigrammatic sentences; but the two men were most unlike. Of his uncle, the great preacher, he said to me:

"Dr. Channing was the greatest orator I ever heard; he began with a low,

soft voice, but most pathetic and persuasive; he did not raise it much as he went on, but was distinctly heard in the Federal Street Church, which stood right at the foot of Franklin Street. It was then a very quiet part of Boston, after you left the upper part of Franklin,—sometimes the wagons driving over the pavement in front of the church could be heard inside; but generally it was very still. Dr. Channing had no humor [humor]; most of the Channings were humorous people, but he had none of it; he was always dreadfully serious, and thought he ought to devote every hour of his life to Christ. I was terribly afraid of him, he was so solemn; and my ways were directly contrary to all his ideas.

"Dr. Channing's book on slavery made a great sensation in Boston when he published it in December, 1835, soon after the Garrison mob. His friends had not expected him to write with so much force. His two particular friends then, and for years before, were Dr. Joseph Tuckerman and Jonathan Phillips,—very unlike each other and unlike him. Mr. Phillips was a stooping, elderly man, speaking little and with the most depressed air,—creeping about as if he felt that Christ was hovering over him, ready to knock him down, if he went astray. Dr. Tuckerman was a fresh, lively, chattering man,—talking all the time, an everlasting talker. On what subjects? I don't know; he was a philanthropist by profession. Dr. Channing was the gentle, holy person I have described to you so often. The last time I saw him he gave me a great scolding, however, for changing my plans and coming back from the West; he was very serious and severe about it, telling me I was disappointing the expectations of my friends, etc., and I was very much afraid of such lectures. He died soon after,—only a few weeks after, I believe."

Returning to this topic on another evening, and fixing the date as in the summer of 1842, when young Channing was on his way back from Cincinnati to announce his coming marriage with Miss Ellen Fuller, the sister of the celebrated Margaret, he said to me:

"Dr. Channing was the most modest, diffident, retiring person in the world; all the favor he found, and all the fame he had did not make the least change in him; he was the gentlest of beings,—a gentleman, truly. But a great sermonizer; he used to scold me, and I stood in such dread of him! When I came back from the West I stopped at Lenox, and there, to my horror, was Dr. Channing; he lectured me solemnly for coming back to Boston, after all the cost that had been incurred in sending me out to live in a log-cabin on the Illinois prairie,—here I was back in Boston again, or soon would be. I was the most irregular of persons, he said,—in fact, I was a sinner, and he did not love sinners,—he loved the saints, like himself. I thought I might stop in Lenox and see the Sedgwicks,—but there was Dr. Channing under my nose!"

Again he said, and more than once, that Emerson took his short style from Dr. Channing, but carried it farther. "He wrote with much more point, and I think was never excelled nor equalled in English. He used to copy from his journals when writing a lecture,—a large, flowing hand, and as he wrote, sitting in his rocking-chair in the study, he would throw the pages on the floor. Several volumes might be made up from the unpublished parts of his journals; and a very good volume of his prose selections,—for these he copied into the journals, and he read a great deal. Many of his quotations he printed; but there were a great many more. In this mode of writing—from the journals—Mr. Thoreau imitated him; and yet there was no such thing as conscious imitation in Thoreau. His handwriting, too, had such a resemblance to Mr. Emerson's that I could hardly tell them apart. This was very strange, for Henry Thoreau never imitated anybody; there was nothing but originality in him, as I know from my many hours with him. In my walks with Emerson,—not less than a thousand,—I seldom heard him mention a person by name; he had singular appellations for Thoreau and others, and avoided their personal one. Thoreau

had much the same habit, nor did he usually reply directly to any observation or question of mine, but went on with original remarks of his own. Mr. Emerson once told me he could not read Hawthorne's books, they were too pathetic. He could not get along with anything pathetic. Now, there was a good deal of misery in Hawthorne,—that was the source of his pathos."

Ellery Channing was associated with Horace Greeley and Margaret Fuller in the editorial rooms of the *New York Tribune* in 1844-45, shortly before going to Europe. He several times made very just observations about the great editor and his quaint habits. He said Mr. Greeley was a genuine man, original; his peculiarities were not assumed, but natural. He would write at his desk while persons were talking to him; his time was so fully occupied that he had no other way to write editorials, and he was very anxious that these should go in at the appointed day, he thought them so important; everything that he wrote he thought very important, and at that time the tariff was the great question with which he occupied himself. He was often profane in his scolding of Tom Rooker, the foreman of the printing-office, for omitting his articles, after he had carefully marked their place in the "make-up" of the morning's paper, which he then always looked after himself. He was continually quarrelling with Rooker about this; but no foreman ever does follow instructions literally,—he cannot do it. Mr. Greeley's proofreader was a slovenly old Irishman named Shea, who had a son, a very bright boy, to whom Greeley took a great fancy, and had him promoted in the office. He had a fancy for such men as Shea. Solon Robinson, afterwards agricultural editor of the *Tribune*, was a man of that sort. At that time Robinson reported the agricultural meetings of a club of gentlemen-farmers in New York City,—but not for the *Tribune*. They met at or near the City Hall, and sat there with their hats on, telling stories. "I have reported their meetings now and then; they did not amount to

much. After Mr. Greeley had a farm in Chappaqua he took great interest in farming, and especially in raising corn; then he put Robinson at the head of a department in the *Tribune*."

"Greeley's dress, which was much remarked on, was not an affectation; his famous white coat was originally given to him; then he had others made of the same color; it was very becoming. He also wore a white hat on the back of his head; and I have heard there is a statue of him in New York with the old white hat on his head, in the usual posture. He had some singular ways; he would come where I was sitting at work on the exchange newspapers, pick up a handful of them from the floor, tuck them under his arm, and go out into the street, in that guise, carrying the papers to his house. He spoke with a queer whining voice, and was constantly losing his pen, his scissors, and the other properties of his desk. 'Where's my pen? my scissors?' was his frequent salutation; finally they fastened his scissors to his person so that he could not lose them. He wrote with much rapidity, throwing his pages on the floor beside him as he finished them." I said that I had called on Mr. Greeley at the house of General Mason Tappan, a Congressman and army officer, in Bradford, New Hampshire, while he was a presidential candidate, and found him in the library writing an agricultural address to be given in Vermont; and he had a pile of the written pages on the floor at his side. As he talked with me, asking questions in which my answers interested him, he kept on writing. I afterwards was with him in Maine, and heard several of his speeches; the last time I saw him was at the Falmouth House in Portland, where I breakfasted with him in August, 1872.

Something then reminded Channing of Park Benjamin, a Boston literary man, who printed in his *New England Magazine* in October, 1835, the first of the young poet's verses that were published,—his "Spider," which is reprinted in J. S. Bentley's Philadelphia edition of Channing's selected poems issued in 1902. Soon after Benjamin

went to New York, where, in 1844, he was publishing a blanket sheet, chiefly literary, the *New World*. Park's brother, Benjamin Benjamin, had been a schoolmate of Channing in Boston, who said of the two: "Ben Ben, as we called him, was all red,—red hair, red face and all; not handsome like his brother Park, who looked exactly like Lord Byron, dressed like him, and, to carry out the likeness, was lame. Only Park Benjamin was lame in both legs, and walked with difficulty on two canes. Usually he rode in a chaise, and used to come down to his New York printing-office in that way. The night that Greeley's *Tribune* office burned up, Horace Greeley took his office material (forms, copy, etc.) over to the *New World* office, and the *Tribune* came out as usual the next morning. I was then in the *Tribune* office, and was sent by Mr. Greeley up some three miles to his house, in a snowy winter night, to prevent Mrs. Greeley from getting anxious about her husband, and to shovel the snow from her door the next morning,—all which I did. I asked Horace Greeley, when I saw him next, if he slept that night at the Astor House [to which he had gone]. 'No,' was the reply, 'I lay awake thinking how I could bring the paper out in the morning.' It had then some forty thousand subscribers, besides a large weekly edition. Horace Greeley would write his articles while one or more men were talking to him; it seemed to make no difference to him. He was annoyed at the personal attacks made on him every few days by Bennett of the *Herald*, who was a most detestable man, but made a great fortune by his newspaper.

"At that time and earlier there was the greatest difference between New York and Boston,—the Boston people looked down with condescension on the New Yorkers, as being ignorant, and the New York people detested Boston, or ignored it. The distinction was that in Boston, unless you had wealth, or learning, or ancestors of note, you were nobody; they did not visit you or take notice of you; while in New York the people were good-

humored, generous, fond of fun and the theatre, and visited each other just the same, whether rich or poor, learned or ignorant. They did not recognize the Boston distinctions,—knew nothing about Harvard College, and cared less; they were pleasant people, and I saw much of them, visiting my relatives there,—Gibbses, Russells, etc. I would go by day in the Sound steamboats, and enjoy that sail along the Sound; then get up early to enjoy that lovely view of the city as you go along the East River. Once I was coming from New York in the winter, and we were struck by a snow-storm, and had to anchor for hours,—were a whole day in making the voyage. There was a newly married couple on board,—not more than five passengers in all,—and how much sympathy I felt for that pair, kept just where they did not wish to be by the cold storm! Boston people were always narrow, dividing mankind into classes,—in New York there did not seem to be such class-distinction."

I inquired about N. P. Willis, of whose early poems Channing was showing me an edition quite unique, made up by some admirer who had cut some of them from the newspapers before 1830. Willis, who was born in Boston in 1806, was a man of letters there after he graduated at Yale in 1827, and until his magazine failed in 1831; after which he went to live in New York and Europe for years, finally marrying in England and returning to New York. Channing said: "Willis had light hair falling on his shoulders, and a very bland affectionate manner, which was put on,—for his real character was narrow and disagreeable. He was always carefully dressed, and had an easy manner; his family were not in the first society in Boston, and he was never quite earnest, or anything but a fop. Yet he had real literary skill; wrote verse well, and had a gift for prose; why is it that he is now forgotten? There were several of those literary dandies in Boston then,—it is hard to remember their names now,—but they wore fine clothes, walked and drove, and were much regarded. Willis left

Boston in debt, and did not like his native city; in New York he formed an alliance with Morris, of the *Mirror*, and they made it for a time a very lively journal. Willis had a soft, attractive way, which did not agree with his true character; I have seen the name of his 'Letters from under a Bridge,' written at Owego, New York, but never read them."

In reply to some questions concerning his cousins, the Danas of Cambridge, and his friends, the Clarkes of Boston and Chicago, brothers and only sister of the late Dr. James Freeman Clarke, Mr. Channing told me that Richard Henry Dana, Sr., was a first cousin of his father, Dr. Walter Channing. The second R. H. Dana was three years older than Channing, but they were often together as boys and young men. William Evarts, the distinguished lawyer of New York, was born in Boston (Pinckney Street) and at school with Ellery Channing. He was also a friend of R. H. Dana, Jr. In August, 1834, young Dana, then nineteen, left college and went to sea before the mast, as a common sailor, in the brig *Pilgrim*; was gone two years, and wrote the famous book describing his experiences. Channing said: "I was with William Evarts at Mr. Dana's house in Cambridge, between Ellery Street and the corner where Main and Harvard streets come together, when Richard Dana was getting permission to go on his voyage; it was a hard thing to accomplish, his father being opposed to it; but he did finally go. Afterwards he lived in the same house for years." Before Dana returned in 1836, I suppose Channing had decided to go to the West; but he did not actually go until 1839, when he was in his twenty-first year. At that time the mother of J. F. Clarke was living with her sons, Samuel, Abraham, William, and Thomas, in or near Chicago; the sons had followed the father's occupation of apothecary, but joined with it speculation in land, first at Chicago and afterward at Milwaukee. William remained an apothecary, but Thomas became eminent as a civil engineer, and the original water-works

of Chicago and the Victoria tubular bridge at Montreal were his work,—or partly his. Channing said: "When I first saw Chicago there were no houses on the other side of the river, and there were only four thousand five hundred inhabitants. From the river to the Desplaines River, eight miles, the whole prairie was often under water, and I have driven that distance through water; at that time nobody could build on it. I visited the Clarkes in a small cottage a little outside of Chicago; they owned a prairie farm not far off; but this was a house in the town. The brothers were very proud of their sister Sarah; she was thought to have much talent in art, and had the advantage of being a pupil of Mr. Allston; but she was very slow in her work, and a retiring person, not likely to publish her things. She made a study of the places visited by Dante; wherever he lived or was known to have been, she made a drawing of the place, and this was for a book, but she never published it. Her brother James was a real scholar; he knew very much of German literature, and was a person of great moral courage; was he not a particular friend of Theodore Parker?"

Should some of these comments on his friends appear trivial and gossipy it should be remembered that Channing was a humorist, and that he allowed his fancy great play. His reading was immense in several languages, and hardly any point in literature, old or recent, escaped his keen or humorous eye. One night in August, 1895, the conversation took a wide range, and I will close by citing my record of it:

Occasionally an aristocratic streak shows in my friend Channing. He once remarked: "In my youth every gentleman where I called or visited wore silk stockings." And to-night, speaking of the Quirinal palace in Rome, and the box-hedges in Sir George Beaumont's garden at Coleorton, he said: "There was always box in the gardens where I used to visit as a youth; nowadays nobody has a garden in this country,—they are poor as death, and vulgar,—no gardens." He says he used to stay at an Ellery house

in Newport, where his great uncle, at three o'clock in the afternoon, always closed the shutters, had the candles lighted, and sat down with Governor Gibbs, a Mr. King, and some fourth hand, to play whist for half-dollar points. Yet in speaking of the Lenox Sedgwicks, he said that "they were very uninteresting people, especially Miss Catherine Sedgwick,—cold and aristocratic, caring for nobody but themselves and their connections." Afterwards he excepted a younger Catherine Sedgwick, who was a very fine person.

Last night he ranged over a great sweep of literature and personalities. He said: "Wordsworth never wrote a song in his life,—he could not do it, for he had no more ear for music than Mr. Emerson. Campbell, whom Wordsworth affected to think obscure, wrote some things that will always be remembered,—but Wordsworth found fault with words in his 'Hohenlinden,'

And dark as winter was the *flow*
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Flow,' said Wordsworth, should have been 'course.' " I told him I never understood the force of this passage till I saw the Iser at Munich,—it really flows as fast as a horse gallops,—like the "headlong Anio" (*præceps Anio*) of Horace, rushing down from the hills behind Tivoli. Channing said Rome, when he was there in 1846, was a very dangerous place for assassinations. One night as he was walking near the Corso, where people were passing every minute, he saw a man lying dead who had just been stabbed,—persons saw the body and hurried along, not wishing to be called upon as witnesses. Before that he had been in the habit of going by night to the Coliseum, though they told him it was dangerous; but afterwards he avoided such excursions alone. He had walked in the Pope's gardens on the Quirinal, where were the high box-hedges that led to his remark above quoted. From that hill (though not from these gardens) he saw the illumination of the dome of St. Peter's at Easter, and of the Castle of St. Angelo. The men who went

out on the dome to fasten and light the candles confessed and took the *viaticum* beforehand, it was so dangerous. "I thought it a great piece of barbarous folly to expose life so." At that time there were kitchen gardens all about the Forum, where tomatoes, artichokes, etc., were grown for the markets.

"The dramatic talent is something peculiar; nobody had more of it than Alfred de Musset; his poems were worthless, but he has written the best *proverbs* and short dramas ever produced. Byron's 'Manfred,' which I think far the best of his works, was mounted for the stage at great cost by Macready,—but was given up, because Byron had not dramatic talent,—so Macready says. Now, how was that?" I told him Coleridge had ascribed to Wordsworth what he called "poetic ventriloquism,"—that is, he made all his personages talk as Wordsworth himself talked; in my opinion, Byron had the same quality,—all his characters were merely repetitions of Byron. But the drama requires a real opposition of character and situation,—this is the main excellence of Shakespeare as a popular dramatist; no man ever knew better than he how to make persons speak in character.

"Howells," said Channing, "has dramatic talent, and has written some good stories; but his style is dullness itself." I said what distinguished Howells was a style,—by which alone authors are sometimes preserved from oblivion. "No, that is one of your notions,—style does nothing for a writer if he is dull,—it is the matter that saves him. Now I tried to read something of Howells about altruism,—it was the dullest stuff in the world, and they had to get rid of him in the magazine because he wrote so badly and insisted on talking about things he did not know. He should have kept to story-writing.

"Wordsworth occupied himself much more with politics than with poetry; his pamphlet on the 'Convention of Cintra' took up a great deal of his time; his letter to Colonel Pasley on the future of European politics (written in

1811) is remarkable for its insight. He was a better observer in his European travels than Byron or Shelley. But he was very much out in his censure of contemporaries; he thought ill of 'Guy Mannering,' which some think the best of Scott's novels. Scott had dramatic talent,—think of *Marmion* and the death scene, which has got into all the school-books, and is declaimed by boys!—that is the true test; nothing of Wordsworth's will stand that. If he could have broken up the 'Excursion' into short passages, like the 'Tintern Abbey,' it would have been better; but mankind cannot enjoy such long, level poems; there must be breaks and diversions. Wordsworth complained of Southey's poem, 'My Days among the Dead are Passed,'—that it used 'peculiar words,' like 'casual'; now the trouble with Southey was his poetry was not peculiar enough.

"Moore wrote (and sung himself) the

best songs that have ever been written; he had a remarkable talent for singing, and might have made a fortune on the stage; but he was punctilious, and would never sing except in private houses,—at Lord Holland's, the Marquis of Lansdowne's, etc. He had a great idea of his position, and would not sacrifice it. Campbell also wrote fine songs; there was one about a soldier or Highlander,—a dream." "Yes" I said, "The Soldier's Dream,"—

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-clouds had lowered,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
powered,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

"That is the piece," said Channing,—"that will always live." Some years ago he praised greatly a poem of Campbell but little known,—"*Lines on Leaving a Scene in Bavaria*,"—in which occur very fine stanzas.

The New World of Books in Japan

By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

IF Commodore Perry "discovered a new nation," the present-day Japanese have entered into a new world. Their art and quaint civilization attract us, but our inventions and applied science have made a new fairyland for them. They care contemptibly little about Occidental metaphysics and the dogmas we quarrel over, and our poetry is beneath their popular notice; but whatever force can be embodied in a machine, or theory converted into material expression,—that the Japanese will "scorn delights and live laborious days" to master.

The Imperial Library stands in Tokio as a symbol of the passing of the old world of Chinese thought. In old days here stood the Sei-do, or College of Confucian Philosophy, built in 1691, out of which, in 1854, Professor Hayashi, rector of the University (not "prince of Dai-Gaku," as a newspaper man once wrote), stepped to meet Perry. From his array of pensioned

scholars, proud of an orthodoxy, which was virtually the State Church, even to propagation and defence by the sword, Hayashi went to cross the foils of ethics, to chop logic, and finally to make a treaty. His document, reluctantly signed in Yedo, opened the door on a crack, through which blew in the blast of Western science. Four years later, Townsend Harris, president of the New York City Board of Education, as a diplomatist even greater than Perry, appeared on the scene, and near his house in Yedo there was opened by the Government "An Office for the Examination of Barbarian Books." This, by evolution, has become the magnificent Imperial University in Tokio, with its seventeen colleges or departments, its three thousand seven hundred students, and its ten thousand alumni.

It was a wonderful book world that, as pioneer educator in feudal Japan, I entered in 1870. I went browsing first



Photo by K. Ojawa

129 THE GATE TO THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY AT TOKIO, JAPAN

in the shops in Tokio and Osaka, gay with brocade pictures, colored maps, stacks of silken stitched volumes, and books of the hour, such as half-dime novels in gaudy covers, to be issued serially and completed in piles. One beheld in these cheap publications a veritable Vallambrosa as to autumnal richness of tint and hue. The more serious works of scholars were in sober garb. Back against the walls and in the fireproof "go-down" were tons of standard literature in stacks and wooden boxes. One book might consist of three, six, or a dozen parts, but was often made of score upon score of volumes; for Japanese comfort and ideas of bibliography tolerate, as a rule, only what can be held easily in the hand. After seeing the processes of wood-engraving and printing from timber blocks, I chatted with the publishers and librarians of the circulating libraries. I learned that after the first freshness of a new publication was over, it was sent to the shops in the provinces. Or, piled up on men's backs, hundreds of these volumes of light mulberry bark or silky bamboo paper, making but two- or three-stone weight, were carried into the villages. Indeed, with the fairy tales and famous characters in the classic novels tattooed on the human cuticle of the fleet-running *betto*s in front of my horse, and from the stacks of peripatetic librarians, I got my first impressions of Japan as a country of readers, who loved both text and pictures.

Under the shadow of the great bronze dolphin surmounting the feudal towers of Fukui Castle, with the help of interpreters and teachers, what were the delights of entering into the Japanese book world! I read the romances of Bakin, and, like a traveller bound to Walter Scott's land, wanted at once to go and see the places where things lovely or horrible did n't happen. The mediæval comedies, the classic fiction, the local annals, were as fascinating as the "Arabian Nights" story. In those days romances dealt with the lords and ladies of feudalism, and the startling adventures of heroes and heroines in common life, depicting the multifarious

outworkings of man's deepest elemental passions—which prompt him to give or sustain life and to take it away. On the higher levels of literature, all ethics and philosophy had a Chinese basis, but in history students were moving out of the old universe into one informed with new ideals. By the epochal year of 1868, the average Japanese gentleman was steeped in the newer opinions, under which the Japanese political system had been reconstructed and the nation prepared to welcome that train of ideas following Perry and Harris, which gave the Mikado a new throne and the nation a new destiny.

The setting up of a school at Fukui, on the American principle, with modern science and Western languages, was significant. Its location was in the very heart of the old warrior's castle, and the chemical laboratory was in the daimio ladies' boudoir. It dictated the abolition of Chinese notions and the reconstruction of culture on Western theories of man and the universe. I had myself a hand in the training of the new teachers and the making of the new text-books. I was the first foreign member of that famous Mei Roku Sha (Sixth Year of Meiji Society), to which belonged such men as Fukuzawa, Mori, Nakamura, Kato, Shimada, the Mitzukuri brothers, and others whose names shine like stars in the galaxy of new Japan. Fukuzawa's books reached a sale of four million copies. Nakamura was the father of that modern institution, the political party, in Japan. Mori became Minister of Education. Shimada's vindication of the Premier Ii, who signed the Harris Commercial Treaty (and for it lost his head by assassination a few months afterward), may be called "The New Book in the New Japan." In this club the Japanese vernacular was first made an instrument of debate and popular discussion. To say that these men influenced literary taste and education in new Japan as fully as the French Academy has influenced the French nation, is, perhaps (for the Society is still in existence), no exaggeration. After many a temporary



Photo by K. Ojawa

THE BUILDINGS OF THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY AT TOKIO, JAPAN

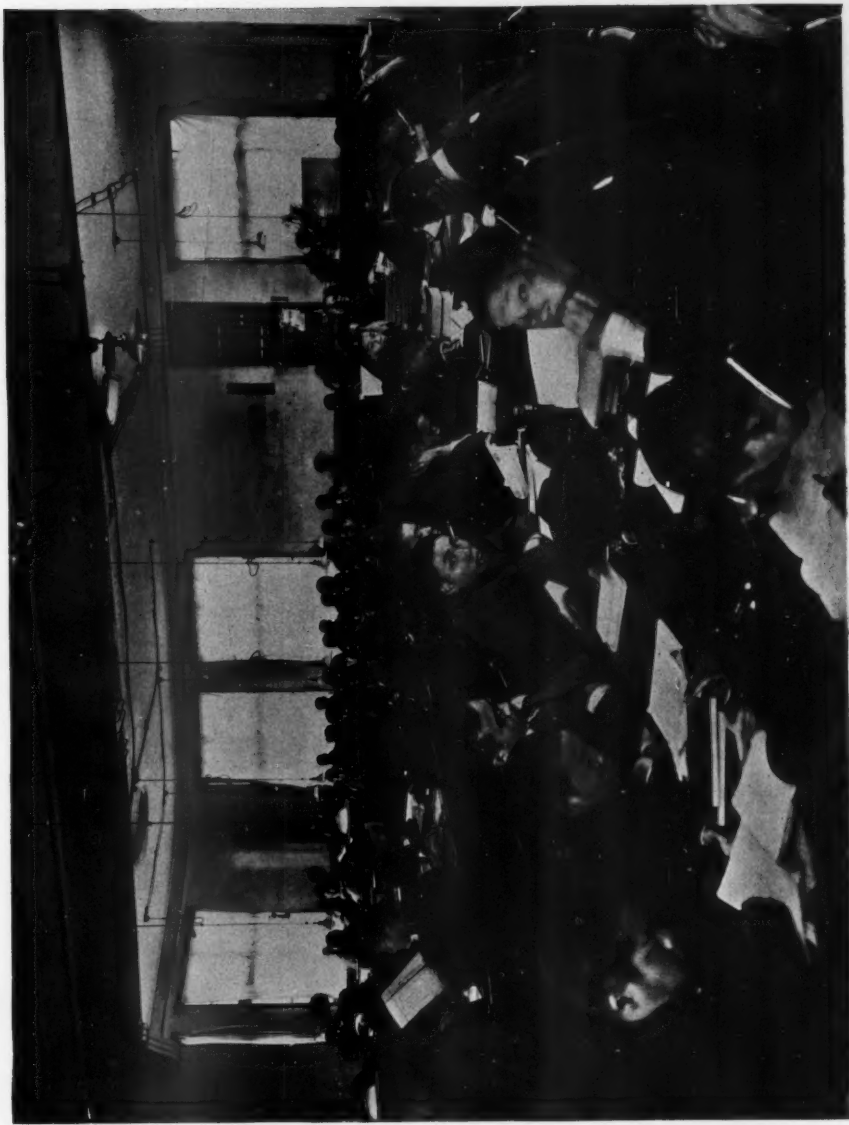


Photo by K. Ojawa

THE READING-ROOM OF THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY AT TOKIO, JAPAN

reaction and severe struggle, book-Confucianism, as a rule of life, standard of taste, and norm of culture, was banished from Japan. In this year of A.D. 1905, not only in the curriculum of nearly thirty thousand schools, which, from the kindergarten to the University, train daily five million pupils, but in the libraries, both in the capital and throughout the country, the staple of books furnished and most generally read are, in their substance, at least, much the same as in the United States and Europe.

The Imperial Library, within the charmingly beautiful grounds of the old Temple of Confucius, has edifices wholly in modern style, fireproof, well ventilated, and liberally furnished with electric lights. Passing through the neat gateway, we enter grounds which show the deft touch of the native landscape gardener. The brick buildings are two and three stories high. The one on the right is fireproof and contains the stacks, and the larger, on the left, the reading-rooms. Though not large, according to our ideas in this era of public libraries, there are here gathered about two hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes, of which about fifty thousand are in European languages, and the others in Chinese and Japanese. Divided into eight general classes by librarians, who have been trained in Europe and America, and who have adopted the American ideas of "the greatest good to the greatest number," we find these literary treasures belonging, in their order as to quantity, to history, biography, geography, travels; literature, language, art, industries, and science in all its applications; works of reference; law, politics, and economy; mathematics and physical science; philosophy and education; theology. The library is open during 334 days of the year. One would imagine that the winter months would be most given to reading, but the average seems to be nearly uniform throughout the year. Only in January, the month of general rejoicing and festivities, and in October,

when the Japanese go wild in their enjoyments of outdoor life, does the number of readers fall below the normal. The picture of the reading-room tells its own story of earnest faces and eager students. The stack-room shows how the Japanese have symbolically tilted their world of books from a prone to an upright position; for, whereas in old libraries each pile of books, in Chinese fashion, lay flatwise one upon the other, now every separate volume stands upright on its own base. With the introduction of movable types has come the making of Japanese books in the shape and dress of their Western brothers. In 1898, including new editions of old works, there were over twenty-five thousand books published in Japan. Though this number in 1901 had fallen to about nineteen thousand, yet the quality both in outward dress and inward contents had greatly improved. Only thirty-five books were translations, the others were original works or re-presentations (for the Japanese never adopts, he adapts) of Western works on agriculture, politics, science, etc. In religion and philosophy the number of works ran up to fifteen hundred, those on painting to eleven hundred and seven. Literature proper showed a vast expansion over the output of a decade or two ago, when translations were the rage and literature proper was, except in novels, very low on the record. During the past twelve months, as might be expected, books treating of Russia have been in constant demand. A recent number of the *Gakuto*, or *Literary Journal*, issued by Maruya & Co., the leading booksellers and publishers of Tokio, while deploring that the Imperial Library ranks only as the fifty-first in the world, nevertheless urges the formation of a huge library in commemoration of the war with Russia. The day of the giving of libraries as public benefactions has come to Japan, the most notable example in this line of philanthropy being the fine new public library of Osaka.



"MOTHER AND CHILD"

From a painting by George de Forest Brush
now in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington

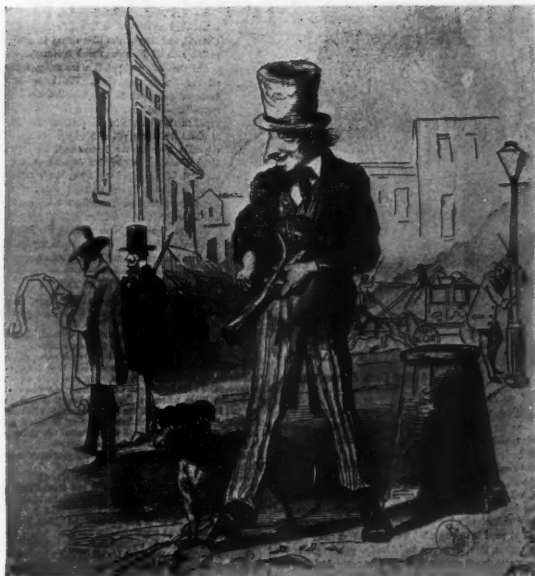
George de Forest Brush

GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH has earned his success as a man who does one thing well, for though more than a single prop supports his reputation, in the main he owes his position to a series of about eleven "Mother and Child" canvases, executed during the past thirteen years. First a painter of Indians, and always to some extent of portraits, he has gradually continued to subordinate his work in these directions to purely imaginative efforts. His results are not "Madonnas," as often they have been named in attempts to couple the Modern with the Renaissance. Their mortal beauty accords more literally with their title "Mother and Child"; although they express the charm of nature with such candor that the mother requires the halo of her devotion alone to make her holy. In the use of his medium the belief that the methods of the Italian Masters best fit his needs has conduced to his experiments in tempera and glazing, despite his grasp on modern realism; while his desire to push his work to its fullest has lead him to adopt a method based on the theory that Van Dyke, on the side of the Dutch School, first studied his sitters in monochrome. However, Brush seeks in the past only the means to an end which combines a simple feeling for truth, such as that of the sixteenth-century painters in Holland, with conceptions of the cast of the Italian Renaissance. And in this end, where his strong personality remains free from the restraint of scholasticism past or modern, he employs his felicity of hand only to forward his own notions and to express unhampered his essential purity of sentiment. Even Jean Gérôme, who gave Brush his technical skill, failed to coerce him into minding the corners of the rigorous French convention, though stamping his pupil with an understanding of entity and form that put the flesh on his fancy. By the application of his principles of independence to his intimate life, his family and his New Hampshire surroundings, Brush has invested the figure of his

wife, the "Mother," with her world-wide affection; and the forms of his boys and girls, the "Children," with unlabored comeliness, besides imbuing the whole with a fecundity of elaboration peculiar for a soft fitchness in place of the hard surface or drawing too frequently the result of such attempts. Throughout he shows a dexterity freed from effort which is the true refinement. His color displays a fundamental clarity especially in the flesh tones that though flat hold a sculptural quality of contour, while his cloth betokens its texture in warm Venetian olives and browns, mellow but never crude. His compositions, undistracted by trivialities, stand clear in the sweep of drapery, and cunning in the arrangement of light, where often the background encloses some glimpse of landscape with perhaps a peep of sky. But before all the vigorous attitudes and dimpled countenances of the children, the serene intellectual charm, and tender sweetness of the mother, the character and physical grace of delicately modelled hands combine to a rare touch of the æsthetic in figures undimmed by idealization. Quietly and thoughtfully, though with ever-increasing force, Brush continues to express for the world the most fundamental of human emotions, the love of mother for child.

George de Forest Brush was born in Shelbyville, Tennessee, on September 28, 1855. As his mother, had always painted to some extent, his first pleasant recollection was of the smell of linseed oil. In 1878 he went to Paris where he spent six years studying under Gérôme in the Beaux Arts. From his boyhood in the woods he had longed to become a figure painter of Indians, so that immediately on returning to America he lived for a year and a half among the Western tribes, besides travelling in California. He gained his first marked recognition by "The Silence Broken" and "The Sculptor and the King," in 1887.

H. ST. G.



"HAPPY NEW YEAR, NEIGHBORS!"

"Secin' as how it's gin'ral callin' to-day, I guess I'll wait on our Jemimer, to kinder riz my dander a leetle. Then if I don't walk into them are fellers, dang my carcass."—*Yankee Notions*, January, 1852.

Social History of the United States in Caricature

By FRANK WEITENKAMPF

I

ALL graphic art, either by direct illustration, or as an expression of ideals, theories, tendencies of mind, and emotion, traces in its way the development of humanity. So, too, does caricature produce documents for the student of social history. In it the life of a people is mirrored with an insistence on its salient points which brings out its weakness and its strength. Changes and vagaries in costume and customs, colloquialisms, fads, amusements, the characteristics of classes, types, or professions, all that makes up the life of the passing day in its outward aspect, are illustrated.

Caricature in the United States in the beginning of the nineteenth century was mainly political. Perhaps the

first noteworthy pictorial satire on our social life came from abroad when A. Hervieu, illustrating Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans" (1832), depicted Uncle Sam in his shirt-sleeves. There is no reason for reopening discussion in regard to the book or the pictures, nor in regard to "Martin Chuzzlewit." It must be said, however, that some of our worst manners, as that of elevating the feet when seated, or the spitting habit, did not entirely escape our own caricaturists. And it is not unpleasant to note that even in the early sixties the habit of wearing one's hands in one's trousers pockets roused pictorial protest. Today, it seems to be quite the regular thing to parade this elegant position before the camera.

The foreign view may also be studied in the years succeeding Trollope and Dickens, both abroad and here. It is



From Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," London, 1832.

mirrored in the exclamation of a Frenchwoman to whom an American is presented: "*Ma foi! An American! He's white!*" (*Lantern*, New York, 1852); in Du Maurier's astounding "Fair American," or even in those remarkable outline drawings done by the Viennese Grätz while on *Puck*. It is typified by the "Uncle Sam" of the German, French, British, Mexican, and other foreign caricaturists, a cunning, grasping, uncouth creature, with little or none of the benignant look with which our own artists usually furnish him. The forerunner of Uncle Sam, the beardless Yankee Doodle, the shrewd, plain down-easter, ever whittling, the "Jonathan" who stood as the typical American then, was the patron saint of several in that procession of comic papers which soon after 1840 be-

gan to follow each other to the great literary graveyard.

Whittling seems really to have been a national habit at one time. Its *ne plus ultra* appeared in the action of the Western man whom *Lantern* in 1852 represented as whiling away the long wait for the waiter at the restaurant by whittling the table into chips and calling for another. One of the "In town and about" series by Darley showed a "corner lounge" leaning against a lamp-post, lazily whittling. Whittling loungers, who spat on the stove at frequent intervals as they worked jack-knife and jaws, were once a familiar sight in the little rear bar annex of the corner grocery, another institution of the past. This latter was depicted by Joseph Keppler in the German edition of *Puck's Annual* late in the seventies, in conjunction with the sample room, which is not quite so well known by that name to-day, perhaps. Formerly we had corner "saloons"; now they appear to be mostly cafés.



One of our "National Peculiarities" which no "Blarsted Foreigner" has any right to find fault with.

—*Yankee Notions*, November, 1858.

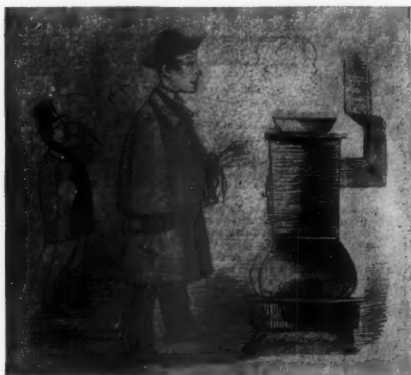
For phrases, names, colloquialisms have also their day. Some outlive it, and become part of the language;



THE FIRST OF MAY, 1865, OR GENERAL MOVING DAY IN RICHMOND, VA.

Not from any periodical. A separately published War-time caricature

others are forgotten. The earlier currency of certain expressions known to-day, and of others no longer in use, is illustrated by a political caricature of Fremont on the road to Salt River, by boys on sleds executing what is vul-



A MATTER OF OPINION

YOUNG GENT (reading placard on the stove)—“Gentlemen will please not spit on the stove.” Hang it all, what’s the use of having a stove if they don’t allow you to spit on it? It takes all the fun away.”—*Yankee Notions*, May, 1863

garly known among boys as “belly-whoppers” (formerly “belly-gutters”), to the cry of “po-oo-on-ne gutters,” or by the nickname “Greek” for the Irish wielder of shovel. The species lampooned by Opper in the eighties as a “national nuisance” is met with thirty years earlier in the story of the toll-collector who will not pass a physician free of charge, he sending too many *deadheads* as it is. “The sublime Adolphus,” “Charles Augustus,” “swell,” “dude,” “Chappie,” “Cholly,” are successive appellations for one who is ever with us. And one more old friend, actively current to-day: in *Vanity Fair* for 1862 there appeared a drawing of a man at a bar, glass in hand, and underneath the inscription:

A man I knew, who lived upon a smile;
And well it fed him.

Young’s “Night Thoughts.”

The files of the early humorous papers, such as *Judy* (1846), *The Lantern* (1852), *Yankee Notions* (1852), *Yankee Doodle*, or *Young America* (1856),

show that many of the stock subjects for jokes have remained the same, and incidentally throw some light on our "domestic manners." There is the

woman who looks over all the patterns in the dry-goods store without buying, the pleasures of "moving day" (May 1st), the advanced juvenile, the importunate cabman at the ferry, the dairyman with milk "of the first water," the ancient *balletteuse*, and many more. But there are also pictures which illustrate things which have passed: the tray on which vendors of statuettes carried them on their heads (illustrated in a skit on Henry Clay, *Fudy*, 1846), the old apple-woman, now pretty well crowded out by the Italian, the rush for the ferryboat, before it had been made fast to the bridge, by a public unhampered by gates or bars. The passing of the omnibus and the "bobtail" car takes the point off the joke about the Irishman who vociferously thanks a gentleman for a quarter, which in reality has been handed to him to hand to the driver. Boots are not worn by the ladies nowadays as they evidently were when streets were in an indescribable condition. And that the Kossuth fever influenced costume is shown by "Mose," radiant in a Kossuth-plumed soft hat.

"Mose," the "Bowery b'hoy," stands forth prominently among the types which the comic art has helped to preserve pictorially. Once a feature in New York's life, picturesque of raiment (tall hat, red shirt, frock coat, and boots), a devil of a fellow and yet

of a possible chivalrousness, he was "plug ugly" and fireman by turns, varying the latter business occasionally by fighting rival companies while a fire



THE POLITICAL MOSE

Lewis Cass as "Mose."—*Yankee Doodle*, 1856

was in progress, as may be observed in John R. Chapin's drawing on the cover of Ned Buntline's "B'hoys of New York." The Bowery knows him no more; the undiluted tough remains. But the "b'hoy" lives in the pages of *Yankee Notions* and *Vanity Fair*, where he was an oft-recurring figure, and in that anecdote concerning Thackeray. The usual version of the story has been that the novelist accosted a small specimen of the species with the query: "Excuse me, sir, but can I go to

Houston Street this way?" Whereupon the b'hoy looked up at the big man, spat, and remarked: "Well, I



SOCIAL SKETCH

VERDANT BRITISHER—"Please, Sir, I want to go to Twenty-third Street."

MOSE—"Well, why in thunder don't you go?"

—*The Lantern*, January 31, 1852.

guess ye kin, sonny, if ye behave yerself." But General James Grant Wilson offers this as the true form of the story. Thackeray to Mose, sitting on a hydrant: "I should like to go to Brooklyn, sir." And the reply: "Then why the h—I don't you?"

There are other figures which have entirely, or almost entirely, disappeared. The applewoman served as a vehicle for jokes; so did the match-woman before and during the war, the woman with the little ice-cream stand, and the one who sold eggs at the market. The charcoal wagon (shaped like a prairie schooner, but of wood), once so familiar a sight, was immortalized in *Yankee Notions* of 1857, and the "soap-fat man" about the same time. Crossing sweepers appeared about as frequently in our humorous papers between 1850 and 1865 as they did in *Punch*, and the chimney sweep I have met there occasionally. The wartime seller of "hot mutton pies" at three cents has disappeared, although the comic paper has held his fleeting form. In recent years the "hot

tomale" and "frankfurter" vendors (who have their prototype in the woman selling sausages from a basket in 1861) have been doing a business that seemed to leave little room for Chloe and her cry "hot corn," which once rang so frequently through the summer nights and advertised the savory vegetable in the pail at her side. Keppler included her in his *Metropolitan Street Sketches* (*Puck*, February 20, 1878), as he did also the old-time newsboy (not quite the same as to-day's product), the bootblack of the days when "shines" were not had on chairs, and the milkman beside his wagon, with ladle and pitcher, before the days of general bottle delivery. The fish peddler with his tin horn has been with us, in the life and in caricature, for at least forty-five years. But the showman with his peephole box I have met only in the "comics" of the early sixties, and in a caricature of Jefferson Davis taking a look into the future through Showman Jonathan's peepholes.

Succeeding changes in dress are chronicled in the comic papers, either as a matter of illustration or in exagger-



JUVENILE—"Say, Mister! Give us a cent pie, will yer?"
INDIGNANT PIE MAN—"Do I look like a cent pie man? Say!"—*Yankee Notions*, July, 1861.

ated form, when a vagary attracts the artist. The "boot-mania," evidently caused by the condition of the streets

persistently pictured in the late fifties, brings the young girl to the bootblack. The wearing of shawls by men at about the same time is recalled by a particularly sorry little Mr. Henry Peck, whose big, energetic wife will not buy him a coat; many years later it gave Frederick Oppen a chance for a dig at the Jerseyman. The languid swell of Civil War days, who is complimented by a friend on furnishing a whole company with uniforms, replies that after all it's no more than would make three pairs of trousers for him. (The statue of Lincoln, in Union Square, New York City, gives some idea of the cut of the garment at that period.) Besides this bagginess, which developed into the "peg top" style, the trousers of the late fifties and early sixties were re-

new carpet designs. The changes in headgear and hair-dress are well reflected in caricature. High hats were



HAMLET—"Alas! poor Yorick, I knew him well!"
NEWSBOY (in pit)—"Wat was his politics? Was he Secesh?"—*Yankee Notions*, December, 1861.



JEFF TAKES A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

SHOWMAN—"There you may see them, my little man, more'n a dozen of 'em all strung up in a row. I call that interesting little picture 'The Traitor's Doom.' What do you think of it?"

JEFF (in great terror)—"And who is that hanging up by one leg, and on a skewer?"

SHOWMAN—"Oh that's Ford, and serves him right, too!"
—*Yankee Notions*, May, 1862.

splendid with incredibly broad stripes. And there were gorgeous waistcoats in those days, so that the unsophisticated might well mistake waistcoat goods for

very generally worn at one time, and the combination illustrated by the portrait of Col. Thomas F. Devoe, in his "Market Assistant" (1867),—chimney pot, shirt-sleeves, and butcher apron,—still prevails in the parade dress of the "butcher guard" when it goes on an outing. It is recorded by the observant comic artist that the tile was worn particularly high in the spring of 1861 ("I hope they ain't going to introduce those ridiculous stovepipe hats again," sighs a gentleman in 1863), and there is a string of more or less exaggerated coal-scuttle bonnets, the "height of fashion," throughout the pages of *Yankee Notions* for 1863, where, two years later, the "water-fall" in its extreme form is much in evidence.

Bloomers were a never-failing source for the humorists of the fifties, a prophetic artist of the *Lantern* (1852) even depicting the first bloomer President, and the strong-minded female

who attends woman's rights conventions while husband sees to the baby, darns stockings, and cooks meals, was

were the Dolly Varden raiment and the "Grecian bend" hit off by the makers of tobacconists' figures. And so, still



THE BOOT MOVEMENT

LADY (who has been promenading)—"I wonder how the men ever get these plaguy things off."—*Young America*, 1856, and *Yankee Notions*, June, 1860.

as familiar a figure in the comic papers then as now.

Endless were the hits at the crinoline. "The best way to wear hoops" was to have your footman carry them over his arm. They swept the pavement and saved work for the snow sweepers. Materfamilias could utilize them to protect her chicks during a shower; they saved the wearer from drowning in an ice-hole. Their large size, their "incompressible amplitude," caused "inconvenience at an evening party" when the ladies' partners stepped through them, and made it necessary for the male pedestrian to "surmount the difficulty" by jumping over them when two ladies in interested conversation blocked the way. They were a special nuisance when handled unskillfully, and their position when the wearer entered an omnibus offered food for the jeers of the scoffer. So

later, was the bustle ridiculed, even by so questionable a practical joke as the placing of a bun on the projecting article of apparel, to be carried for blocks by the unsuspecting lady. All of which shows that the usual philosophizing about the fashions considered beautiful in one generation and ridiculous in the next may not be altogether based on fact. Extremes are never unanimously accepted.

Racial peculiarities of our foreign element have naturally been seized upon. The Irishman, Chinaman, German, Frenchman, and Jew have long been familiar and somewhat conventionalized types in caricature, as on the stage. An especially favorite subject is found in the negro. The late Thomas Worth seemed to have touched the extreme of conventional caricature in his "darktown" lithographs, laughable despite their exaggeration. But Zim-

merman has since then completely outdone him in hideous distortion. W. L. Sheppard and Peter Newell pro-



FRIEND SLY TO FRIEND BROADBRIM—"Don't thee think that those steps would be a great deal better if they were lower down—especially for the ladies?"

—*Yankee Notions*, July, 1864.

duced sketches of negro life from which the element of exaggeration was practically absent; and the same may be said of Sol Eytinge's work, weaker in drawing. Some of the things which E. W. Kemble did in the early days of *Life* rank with the best delineations of the black man which we have had. They show understanding of the negro character as compared with the gross distortion of the purveyors of the everlasting wife-supporting-her-husband-by-washing joke, or the even more time-honored one which relates to the chicken coop. In the comic press of the fifth and sixth decades of the last century the black whitewasher was a very much more frequent figure than he is to-day, and the appearance of the "colored" barber in those days and the seventies recalls the recent lament of a prominent negro educator (Mr. Booker T. Washington, I think), that his people had allowed this business to slip away from them.

Our Civil War was serious business in truth, and sad, but its every-day aspect was found not devoid of the laughable. "The military fever pervades all classes of our citizens," said *Vanity Fair* (1861), presenting a fish

vendor delivering goods at the house-door with a salute and "Attention—Make ready—Present—Fire—Fi-Fish, I mean, marm." Patriotism at home found vent evidently in a lavish display of the national colors; at all events we see a dry-goods clerk in the midst of wraps, skirts, and other stuffs made up of the stars and stripes, urging a lady to buy the "columbian mouchoir" similarly constituted, with "colors warranted to stand in spite of any amount of blowing." No law then against use of the American flag in business! The patriotic *enfant terrible* was much in evidence with tinhorn and drum, full of ambition to be a soldier bold, and, in the person of a little girl, giving short answer to Charles's query as to what will make him look better: "Soger clothes."

The suggestion to enlist is none the less urgent because couched in a humorous tone. "Enlist, young man," says *Yankee Notions*, "gals are down on the young fellows who hav'n't gone to the war." And E. F. Mullen de-



TIT FOR TAT

BARKEEPER (reading from check)—"Buggins, good for fifty cents, what's all this?"

BUGGINS—"One of my checks; just fork over forty-four cents and we'll be square for the drink I've had."

—*Vanity Fair*, August 9, 1862.

picted Artemus Ward's young fellow who said he'd "be Dam" if he'd go to the war. "He was settin' on a barrel," remarked the Genial Show-

man, "and was, indeed, a loathsome object." The wife who offers to take her husband's place behind the counter if he will enlist is typical of the more general invitation extended in another caricature to "counter-jumpers" to

will have his "fwont teeth pulled," so that he "cawnt bite a cartridge."

Life in camp and field had its humors, too. One soldier bets another five dollars that his dog, sniffing at the men's rations, will not eat them, while



ANOTHER GREAT AMERICAN INSTITUTION—THE "TREATING" IDIOT

—Puck, Dec. 28, 1881.

shoulder muskets and let women fill their positions. But *Yankee Notions* records also one woman's way of attaining her end without waiting for leap year. Kate gives Charlie a hint how he may avoid the draft: they're drafting single men only!

A general invitation to "come in out of the draft" and partake of Uncle Sam's bounty (\$250) is extended by the recruiting sergeant, and subterfuges to escape the draft are ridiculed. "Buy our patent boots and shoes to escape the draft. They produce a perfect limp," is the advertisement of a shoemaker,—in *Yankee Notions*. Drafts do not agree with one delicate gentleman, and the excuses offered by those trying to avoid the draft are many, such as that of the "Augustus" who, if drafted,

another finds the government blankets very serviceable—as fishnets. The contractor is not hit very hard, however; simply a reference to rather rapidly acquired wealth, that is all. Otherwise, our usual and characteristic easy-going acceptance of accomplished facts. If the soldier under arms had his trials, compensation seems to have come to those on furlough, for we are shown a zouave who has been so overfed by the ladies while he was on sick leave that he presents a figure which will not fit the regulations when he returns to his regiment. "Women folks run after those soger chaps so" that the stay-at-homes try the "wounded lieutenant dodge" to attract the fair sex, swells going on their promenade with bandaged arms and crutches.

Inexperience of volunteer officers is hinted at in the picture of one who forgot to order "return rammers" before he gave the word "fire!" But they "arrived," for we hear that Fred would enlist if he "could get a commission as second lieutenant or something respectable; but I'm afraid if I were to apply they'd make me a brigadier-general." There is evidently a hint here of a condition more vigorously attacked in a cartoon which represents General McClellan as indignantly rejecting a Congressman's recommendation of his friend "General Political Hack" for a brigadier-generalship.

Certain aspects of the financial side of war-times appear prominently. The scarcity of small change in those days led to devices for surmounting the difficulty which are mirrored in exaggerated form by the caricaturist during 1862-63. If postage-stamps serve to settle a small account in one case, in another a thirsty soul makes the rounds of the saloons on a dollar which brings chalk into action, as nobody can "break" it, while still another changeless individual asks that a drink be given him on the strength of a "shave on tick," which he has just had. But, on the other hand, the "scarcity of specie" causes "Young Tiffick" to get his salary in pennies, and he must hire a man to take it home for him. And, to top it all, "Legal Tender" arrests "Vagabond Shinplaster" in 1862. The rapid rise of gold towards the two-hundred mark meant large winnings or losses according as you sold out in time or held on a little too long. "'Never mind,' says Bridget to the disconsolate Miss whose father has lost every cent in the gold speculation, 'give out that ye's joined the 'Union Women's League,' and then they'll call ye a patriot in yer calico, and never think that ye can't afford the silks and satins.'" (Young lady determines to love her country.)

In the following year (1865) began the making of fortunes in petroleum. "Dad's struck ile," says "Lize," when asked as to the cause of her sudden affluence. The *parvenu* or *nouveau riche* is a type which has fairly revelled

in our comic sheets in bumptious purple and with Malapropian tongue. It is amusing, by the way, to encounter in 1860 that old story about buying books by the yard to fill a private library.

The love of exaggeration in statement which is a marked feature of our humor serves to accentuate peculiarities and eccentricities of type, mind, and locality, and brings out questions agitating the public, the problems influencing the daily life, with the effect of a concave or convex mirror, with a potent intensity. The time-honored goat joke in its day helped to depict the rough picturesqueness of Shantytown in upper New York City; the skit on the one American left among the sons of Israel on lower Broadway in New York laid stress on a remarkable change in census returns; and the grim joke about the young girl who begs her rejected and desperate lover not to make a muss of himself in her drawing-room, calls attention to what was apparently a little epidemic, in the eighties, of suicides committed by life-weary swains at the feet of the objects of their unrequited love.

The conditions of life in our large cities naturally offer the largest field to the caricaturist. Yet the flat-house, product of the crowding of population, has called forth little more than sectional views of such buildings (showing life on the different floors, a form of humorous illustration not new, and not unknown in other lands), and an occasional depiction of the miseries of paterfamilias on the "move" with "no-children-taken" signs staring him in the face at every turn.

Boarding-house life is another one of the stock subjects from which the caricaturist has ever sought to extract the juice of a humor not always gentle, with its prominent figure of the despotical landlady who cuts down her expenses to the lowest possible minimum, and that bane of her life, the boarder who lives on others rather than on his own pocket, as well as the one who is the mouthpiece of revolt against small portions. Thomas Butler Gunn, in 1857, even devoted an entire illustrated

volume to "The Physiology of New York Boarding-Houses."

To those who from choice or necessity take their meals in restaurants, the matter of prompt and efficient service is naturally one of some interest. The derelictions of the waiter have not passed unnoticed by the furnisher of pictorial humor. Especially is the garçon accused of slowness, hence the conception of General McClellan as a waiter by one cartoonist, I am told. The gentleman who cut up the table before his order was filled has been referred to, and another one, pictured in *Yankee Notions* in 1863, threatens to

cut up the waiter. Says this "man who knows the law": "By heavens, waiter, if you don't bring that stew I'll be seized with mania, and commit manslaughter in the third degree." The failure of service unless prompted by tips was the theme of a sketch in *Vanity Fair* (1860), and the amount of the tip was illustrated some years ago in *Life*. Young husband stated that he had a cheap lunch, a bowl of milk; wife did not find fifty cents so cheap. The explanation was: "Twenty-five cents for the milk and twenty-five cents for the waiter"; and the legend over the picture: "Everything comes to him that waits."

(To be Concluded.)

Lady Bobs, Her Brother, and I

A Romance of the Azores

By JEAN CHAMBLIN

LETTER V

WHERE TWO AND TWO MAKE MORE

Ponta Delgada.

MY FRIEND:

Some one once pithily remarked (I think it was Noah), that it never rains but it pours. With me it has been pouring yachts. One extra yacht is a fleet when it belongs to Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter, of Warwickshire, England.

You cannot have forgotten,—she is the woman with the three daughters who got so frightfully on my nerves at Lady Bobs's country place. It was she who made it so pleasant for Brother George and her daughter, Victoria, and so very unpleasant for me. And it was about that time that she and her three daughters got in the way of going wherever Lady Bobs—and Brother George—went. Quite by accident, you will understand. As far as I can judge, she has the habit still, so she takes the three daughters to Lisbon in order that Victoria, Alexandra, and Maude may see Cintra. See Cintra! Ha! It is to laugh. And

then they drift with the tide, quite by accident, my dear, into this port.

I wish you could have seen the steam they had up when the yacht *Regent* puffed into the harbor. Lady Bobs and I were walking on the breakwater when she steamed in. Lady Bobs sighted her colors first, and suddenly catching my arm, said: "My word, Kate, but that is the *Regent*!"

"With Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter in command, or I'll eat my hat." And I leaned up against a pile and laughed.

Lady Bobs watched the *Regent* cutting through the water, with an expression that was quiet but determined. After a little she turned to me and said: "Kate, Mrs. DeGrey and I have known each other since we were children, and that means many ties which I respect, but— Do you object to meeting her again?"

"Not in the least," I answered. "It strikes me as being awfully funny. And if you don't object, I'd like it. You see I have a score to settle with this lady—now that we are on neutral ground. Do you mind?"

And the dear sweet lady said, "No." We turned towards the quay. The *Regent* was dropping anchor.

"You spoke of 'neutral ground,' Kate. Will you tell me, was it because Mrs. DeGrey was my friend and that you were my guest, that you did not explain?"

"Yes." But there was another reason,—you know it, Nora,—and I told Lady Bobs. "If any woman can take away from me what is mine, she can have it—because then it never was wholly mine."

Half to herself Lady Bobs said, "Ah, Kate! Kate!" and put her arm around my shoulder. We were standing so when Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter and her three daughters, Victoria, Alexandra, and Maude, stepped on to the quay. I'd have given my mandarin's coat to have had you see the expression on those four faces, when they recognized me. It was complete and perfect in its way—what we actors would call "a quiet scene" full of "repression." And before the pale-eyed Victoria had recovered I saw in her eyes what she would have given her life to have hidden—that she had not yet succeeded with Brother George.

That I have not written you all this before is my penance, not my fault. To add to the complications I have been stupidly ill, and all effort was debarred me.

It all followed upon a mad day of Portuguese. I thought I had taken cold on the breakwater or from sleeping with my window open. No one leaves the window open at night here except Lady Bobs, who refuses to submit to any such "ignorant superstition." She seems to thrive upon it, and when I mildly suggested that it was a cold that I had, she cut me short, saying:

"Cold! It's Portuguese that you've got. Do you expect to study Portuguese in the morning, listen to Portuguese in the afternoon, and dream Portuguese at night, and not damage your nerves? Besides, Kate, it never occurred to me but what you were quite capable of saying all that you wanted to say in English."

There are times when Lady Bobs's

unconscious satisfaction in being English makes me feel a deep pity for the rest of the world.

According to her diagnosis, then, I have *Portuguitis*. And I'm not so sure but what there is some truth in it. I know Lady Bobs's opinion on this particular language by heart. I ought to.

"It's silly. Quite a barbarous language, my dear. It's like nothing so much as their own fireworks and everlasting sky-rockets. You get the burning of the fuse in their *sh's*, the sizzling through the air in their *c's*, and the crackling, bursting, and general unpleasantness of the thing in the other letters of the alphabet. Nothing could make me believe that they understand themselves. My dear, you've only to look at them. They must act everything they say. In English we don't do that, now, do we? Certainly not. We understand what we say. Don't waste your time."

Since my first feeble attempt I've said nothing more about cold. My illness came too closely upon an Olympic struggle with Portuguese for me to argue. Besides, I've been thinking. The DeGrey-Streeters have taken possession of the island and have settled down to wait for Brother George. And let me tell you, however much Portuguese may have to do with my imprisonment, it has not been the complexion of my thoughts, which have been in very clear and well-armed English.

I may not have told you of this Portuguese convulsion of mine, but I have been taking a lesson every day from a young man with a parrot-like voice. Being ambitious, I felt that I would progress more quickly, if I were to go where I could hear simple Portuguese spoken. You'll never guess what I did. Well, I decided to attend the reading class of a little Portuguese school.

Can you see me starting off, with my reader and my dictionary, my blank book and a nice long, newly sharpened pencil? It was such a lovely young feeling that I had as I walked along hunting the particular green door that

would let me into this "School for Young Ladies."

During a spasm of modernization, many years ago, all the houses here were numbered. The peasants looked upon it as a decoration, and those who could read looked and promptly forgot. When I asked the number of the house of an Englishwoman who had lived in it for fifteen years, she told me she did n't know! Which explains why upon this particular morning I was looking for a door painted a special shade of green.

The little school is kept by a large, stout, pleasant Portuguese woman named Murphy! "Popper" was Irish before he came here, and she had Irish eyes set in a Portuguese face. The most important thing about her was her placket-hole. When she rose, which was often, she arranged it, sidled across the floor, and backed out of a door several sizes too small for her.

Her slippery head was covered with an unexplored mass of soft hair that had long ago given up trying to hold itself on the top, so just remained where it had slid.

I was cordially greeted on the other side of the green door, and at a quarter past the hour the Portuguese Master arrived to teach Portuguese to Portuguese children. He was presented, the children were presented, and we shook hands all around.

The schoolroom was bare. The floor was bare. The walls were bare. The tables were bare. And some of the benches were bare. A map rolled crookedly, and an old, thin, and sad-complexioned blackboard alone broke the walls' monotonous contemplation of each other. The benches had no backs, and a battered old round table formed the centre from which the children's heads radiated. The master sat between the two oldest girls; from these two the other heads dwindled away to one tiny one, all eyes, who never spoke.

Unconsciously, I had expected the reading lesson to be conducted somewhat like ours at home, where the same lesson is read through several times and explained.

This is what I got:

The master began by correcting the "sums" of the two big girls. (I don't know where the others came in.) And then the reading began.

The big girl on the left led off. It was the most remarkable thing that I ever saw. She raised her eyebrows, lowered her eyes, threw out her lips, and then she was off. Lady Bobs was quite right. Sky-rockets sizzed, crackled, and burst in all directions. Visions of my last night's long study and preparation rose before me, and the result of it was a fall as dull as the thud of the rocket's stick. When I found my place, the lesson was over. Then the girl on the right attacked an essay on "Paper" with the force of a Gatling gun, and blew it out of sight. I went down before the third round, which was poetry. I was now reduced to a simpering, smiling pulp. The girls to the right and the girls to the left looked complacent, and I was mentally obliterated.

In this state Miss Murphy asked me if I would like a little parsing! Parsing in Portuguese! Ye gods! I had never been able to stand it in English; but I was too weak to resist. So they parsed. They might have been saying a mass for the dead, for all I knew.

History followed geography. I caught "Madeira," "Africa," and "Cintra" through the maze of words.

Then the master told a funny story! While the girls laughed in different keys, I quietly, without any explanations to anybody, groped my way to the door and staggered into the fresh air. Then I came back to the hotel and went to bed, and there I have remained.

Send me your sympathy in English.
KATE.

LETTER VI

A PAUSE IN HOSTILITIES

PONTA DELGADA.

NORA DEAR:

It's a great relief to have my first letters from America, and to know that you are all really there and not part of the dream in the background of this land of crosses and rosaries. I'm

well again and we're getting on quite nicely, thank you, this island and I, Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter notwithstanding. Verily, I feel quite one of them, that is, of the Rua do Beco. In the blank stare of my enemies, I read that my tastes are low. But when I tell you that the Rua do Beco (otherwise the alley) has a fine crop of little ragged children, you will know that it was to be expected.

The Rua do Beco attracts not the gaping tourist, nor yet, is it mentioned in any guide-book. To be strictly truthful, to look upon it is to avoid it, with most people. Lady Bobs grows rigid and stares straight in front of her when we cross it, and I see an expression of relief settle about her shoulders when we have left it behind. I think she has hidden memories. Well, so have I. I've never told any one all that happened upon the day of my first walk there alone. Perhaps you would like to hear.

If you go down our driveway you will come immediately upon either a group of children or some fuzzy little chickens that have strayed a few yards from the heart of their Rua do Beco. I'm not particularly keen on short cuts in foreign countries, but it's in the American blood and will out now and again. Thus it was that I was betrayed into walking the length of the Rua do Beco. It measures one block long, but on that day, as my memory registers, it was leagues.

I had started for a walk with my camera nicely adjusted and thrown over my shoulder. There is a certain jaunty air you get when you buy one of Eastman's latest, and I had it with me as I turned into the Rua do Beco.

Little enters the life of this street. Traffic does not pass that way, and few islanders find themselves in that direction. So the children play there innocent of toys, and the dogs sleep in the stone gutters, and the women walk to and from the pump with their terra cotta *jarras* balanced on their heads, and the gossip of the street is passed from casement to casement and from door to door, and one day is like another day.

Except!

Except the day I appeared at the head of the street with my camera thrown over my shoulder and my jaunty air.

There was a pause, and I walked straight into the heart of it. Then the dogs woke up, the children rose from the earth clacking about me like hungry chickens, and the women huddled at their doors and stretched from their casements. Even in the light of my pleasanter acquaintance with the Rua do Beco, my face burns at the memory of it. The children shrieked Portuguese, the dogs barked Portuguese, and the women filled in the pauses.

Down the whole length of the street these children followed me, begging. Two hags joined in from their doorsteps. The suppressed savage of past generations rose up within me, and I wanted to—well, I did n't. I made up my mind instead to learn Portuguese at once. In this state of desperation I ploughed my way through the noises and startled the smiling deference of a high-hatted native by asking him to tell me in Portuguese to "go away." He did it so mildly and sweetly that I was forced to ask him for something stronger, something that would penetrate the deafness of the Rua do Beco. The amiable gentleman was unable to accommodate me, nor have I yet found one who could—or would. What do you think of "Paciencia" for a cuss word, now? The more I think over this word "Paciencia" the better I understand the peaceable Azorian.

But it is not of a day of peace that I am talking, and it was with thoughts of quite a different color that I saw the Rua do Beco make for me on my return. They followed me into the driveway. It was such a splendid opportunity; no passerby could see them, and no mother could see me. They were young things, and no doubt their souls were as white as the clouds above us; but I did not see their souls just then—I only saw their grin. The temptation and the grin came too near together, and I swung my camera from my shoulder and suddenly turned upon the biggest boy and gave him two on

his brown legs that made him jump, and four more sent the little army flying off to safer quarters. I pulled myself together and tried to look dignified as I walked up the chapel steps and glanced at the little white cross just above me.

Now I walk the Rua do Beco unmolested, and for this and other reasons it is dear to my heart.

To beat children of foreign countries is hardly advocated by Froebel, and yet I am a firm believer in Froebel for children of every clime and color. From that point of view my conduct was not regular, but it was effective.

Long years ago the nobleman who owned this estate took under his protection the peasants round about. As the Rua do Beco assumed its identity it became the especial care of this estate. Among other things, a beautiful silver crown was given for their coronations. Every parish has its own. The nobleman's name is forgotten, but his house with its garden remains, and in the heart of each peasant of the Rua do Beco lives the story of the giver of that crown. So it is that during the Holy Ghost feast this garden is included in the line of march of all processions and demonstrations.

Still, when one is awakened at seven o'clock of a May morning, one can scarcely be expected to recall the past generousities of a count dead some hundred years since. Few noises come our quiet way, only the singing of the birds and the ringing of the church-bells, so when I was awakened by confused sounds that grew into human voices, I jumped out of my bed and poked my tumbled and sleepy head out of the window.

I found a delegation from the Rua do Beco surrounding two little bulls. There was the carpenter holding one bull, and his friend holding another. About them was an uneven group of little boys. I looked at the boys and then at the bulls and blinked my eyes. Ferns and flowers were tied between the bulls' horns, and these otherwise perfectly healthy-looking animals had paper roses growing from their hides. It was probably quite a natural pro-

ceeding in the Azores, but it is scarcely what we are brought up to expect when we look out of our windows at dawn.

About here Lady Bobs's head appeared at her casement.

"Are these people mad?"

"I think, Lady Bobs, it has something to do with the Holy Ghost."

The contingency from the Rua do Beco saw Lady Bobs first and immediately sent up a shout, which was acknowledged by that lady with the one word "Lunatics!" and the emphatic slamming of her casements.

The heads of Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter, Victoria, and the twins appeared simultaneously. And all four asked for the fire-escape. When I saw Victoria's curl papers I gave her my sunniest good-morning. There are situations when a woman with naturally curly hair certainly has the best of it. Perhaps Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter realized it. At any rate, her salutation was, "Theatrical mountebanks!" Her tone showed a charming impartiality to the Azorians and myself. After which the four blond heads were pulled in at the same moment, and the four casements closed with one bang, as if the heads and hinges had been worked with one and the same string.

It may have been something else, but I call it courtesy that made me give a smile of encouragement to the little group below. I must have succeeded, for with a spurt of enthusiasm the carpenter handed his bull over to one of the boys. He took a stick from a bundle held by another boy and set a match to it, and then we had the sizz and crackle of my first morning skyrocket. I thought I heard something drop in Lady Bobs's room. The little black bull thought so too, for he took to his heels down the road, flowers, ferns, and all, dragging the boy after him, just like any other little bull who did n't care for fireworks at seven o'clock of a May morning.

I was right about the Holy Ghost, and these were the animals that were to be slaughtered for the feast. The next time we saw them they were hanging on the wall of the carpenter's

workshop. His bench was covered with many loaves of bread, and on the floor were two great casks of wine. Conspicuous over all was a little altar, in front of which stood the priest, who was the only jarring note in the festival. He was fat and not amiable. He did n't seem to care for the flowers, nor the flickering candles, nor the little bulls turned into beef, but glared about him with a look that suggested that heaven was a long way off from the Rua do Beco. Then he hurled Latin at the beef, and holy water at the wine, and incense over all. Well, of course he may have been handing out blessings, but I stepped out of the range of his curves. And I was n't sorry when he took off his crumpled vestments and marched his holiness out of the Rua do Beco.

We, too, had made our preparations. Our chapel was opened and decorated. It is difficult to say which is the more touching: the gratitude of a simple people for a kindness that is to them but a legend, or the tenderness of the present occupants of this house to a people whose religion is not theirs, and the responsibility of whom never has been theirs. With this spirit in the air it was impossible not to lend a hand. Except to the DeGrey-Streeters, who sat in stiff upright chairs and read ancient editions of the *London Times*.

The maids had already begun on the chapel, but I dismissed them and took it into my own hands. I at once communicated the everlasting china vase and divorced the solferino pink from the orange yellow. In the centre of the altar, I banked large clusters of St. Joseph lilies. From these, on either side, I shaded the soft yellows into deep orange. The whole chapel was done in shades of flame. It came to me then that this was what flowers were meant for. It was twilight when I finished, and as I lighted the candles on the altar, Lady Bobs came to the little latticed window, which opens from the hall, and looked in. I turned and found her eyes on me. She seemed concerned, and I wondered why, but I waited for her to speak. And she did, with a sweet, tender note in her voice:

"Kate, dear, we have peasants at home; why could n't you do this for them?"

My dear friend, there are times when the loneliness and dreariness of my life press heavily upon me and crush all the spirit out of me; when I feel like a weak child, and want to put my head in somebody's lap and cry it out. It rushed over me then, asphyxiating my woman's strength, and I said what I felt:

"Lady Bobs, I think I have always needed a mother most."

She came into the chapel and lifted my head from the altar into her own strong mother-arms.

In the meanwhile the Rua do Beco was being transformed. Flags of many colors floated across the street at even intervals. Triangular lanterns were mixed here and there with colored balls of tissue paper that danced about like fireflies over a dark-blue ribbon that stretched across the street a few squares farther down, and was the sea. Every one was in the street watching the lanterns swing and the flags wave. So happy were they on this night of light and color that time passed from consideration and the *Matris* bell struck eleven before the moving of the crown from the home of last year's "Emperor" to that of his successor began.

A weird little procession it was as it turned into the driveway. They walked slowly in the shadow of the high stone wall. The long wax candles that they held slantingly flamed brightly and brought their profiles into sharper relief against the dark background.

About us danced the fairy lanterns, gay and dainty. Overhead the full moon radiated soft gossamer light in a sky of navy blue; it painted anew the white stone walls, and glistened upon every unprotected leaf. Out beyond the harbor lay the sea, bluer than the sky save where the moon drank up its color. Every now and again flashed the search-light of the French man-of-war, coaling on her way to martyred Martinique, while the little band of peasant children marched on, unconscious and solemn. It took a practised

eye to recognize in these phantom silhouettes the ragamuffins of the Rua do Beco, and we stared bewilderedly at the bare heads and the brown legs that were walking so gravely to the music of the "Spirita Santa" hymn. But the carpenter brought us all back to life and realities with his familiar sky-rockets. They flashed up and crackled against the sky, as the still solemn Rua do Beco went whence it came, into the night.

I'm trying not to tell you of the irritations that from time to time broke the spell of my enchantment. But the twins would lose each other. Either Alexandra was hunting Maude or Maude was hunting Alexandra. And there were times when I was conscious of Victoria watching me critically. She went so far as to honor me with her first *tête-à-tête*. It was so unexpected that I turned and looked at her. Nora, she really is a stunner. There's no getting 'round it, this English girl has got a cold, pale beauty that even I can see under all her antagonism for me. She asked with a forced note of curiosity in her voice: "Are you really interested in all this?"

"That means that you are not, does n't it?" I replied.

A momentary embarrassment followed the inverted question; then she said:

"Oh—no—it amuses them, but—I did not suppose that so primitive a performance could divert any one whose life was given to—acting."

Her inflection was unmistakable, and I answered:

"So! That is the way it appeals to you. Now I understand. Cheer up, it will soon be over," and I smiled reassuringly.

Mrs. DeGrey broke the silence that followed with one of her series of screams. It certainly was the most amazing thing; if she stood under a lantern it was sure to catch fire and fall on her. Whereupon every one would rush at her to put her out. And why we were not all burned to death, while these flaming lantern frames were pulled from the stone wall and thrown among us on the wooden floor, I'm sure I cannot say.

Lady Bobs hyphenated the various phases of this feast with: "They're at it again." But I think she melted more than she would admit when she saw the British flag floating over the lanterns. Just as I took them to my heart the carpenter pointed to the Stars and Stripes, and his ragged bodyguard gave the "*Viva Americana!*" with the approved Rua do Beco yell.

There are some things that one likes to remember. The only horror that old age holds for me is the thought that I may forget the sunshine-days, or the pressure of a friend's hand. I want to remember the Rua do Beco.

They missed me from the flower-cart procession and stopped the whole affair, until I had been sent for and arrived with my camera. I took the picture, every one doing smilingly just what I asked.

It really was beautiful. But no photograph will give you the colors of the flowers that covered the carts or the gracious condescension of the oxen or the gentleness from which the peasants' smiles came. To see this once was not enough, so Lady Bobs and I cut through a side street to the square where the carts would turn.

Presently Lady Bobs said: "My dear, do you see that man with the white waistcoat? He's been staring steadily for the last ten minutes."

She was right. There he stood, leaning his right hand upon a heavy walking-stick and with his left in his hip pocket. I'd heard that they did their courting in this country by staring. And I suggested to Lady Bobs that the gentleman might be proposing. I even offered to ask him. Somehow my suggestion did not seem to appeal to her.

Fortunately we were diverted here by the flower-carts coming into sight. The crowd grew larger and circled about the gentleman in the white waistcoat, who still leaned his right hand upon his stick and kept his left hand in his hip pocket and looked steadily at us. Nature has made a very wise provision for a certain degree of strain upon the feminine nerves, and I resorted to it now. I giggled! Lady Bobs did not

giggle. I don't think I ever saw an Englishwoman who could.

Just what would have been the outcome of this I cannot say, if the gentleman in the white waistcoat had not himself broken the spell. The carts had reached the turning when suddenly he faced about and threw two arms and one walking-stick high in the air and there stood poised. Everything stopped—quite naturally. And quite naturally Lady Bobs and I clasped each other and thought of strait jackets and padded cells.

Then down came the stick and was swung like a sabre, right and left, this way and that, until the crowd was cut in two and fell back stupidly where he sent them. Then he pulled the four carts into a straight line, stood himself in the centre of the picture, and without a word again leaned his right hand upon his stick and replaced his left hand in his hip pocket and looked at me.

Everybody looked at me—the eight oxen included.

There was no escape, I had to photograph them all over again. To photograph the Rua do Beco was one thing, but to photograph the whole of Ponta Delgada was quite another. I looked at Lady Bobs for support, and saw by the twinkle in her eye that she had deserted to the other side.

Now, to find one's self suddenly and unexpectedly the centre of a mob of men and children in a crooked street of a foreign town, on a toy island, in the middle of the ocean, is scarcely the sort of thing one buys lottery tickets for. The crowd was so still and intent that I could hear the pegs of my tripod scratch the ground as I adjusted them, and then I ducked my head under the focussing cloth and thought. The natural inclination of the native is to walk down the throat of your camera, but the gentleman of the white waistcoat prevailed, and all went well.

It is not so difficult to pose an Azorian crowd, but it is very difficult to un-pose one. They do not realize easily that it is over. I had always been afraid of this, and many times an uneasy feeling has come over me that

their trance would become chronic. It happened. The pause had come; I snapped my fingers and said it was all over, but nobody moved. The stare got frozen, and the attitude a habit. It's an awful thing to see a lot of people looking at one like that. I clapped my hands, and still they did n't move. An American gentleman stepped up to me and said: "Don't you think that you had better make a speech? Say something on the tariff."

The crowd was still motionless, and I felt responsible, so I said in English: "It's very nice of you to keep so still, and I really don't know which I like best, you or your oxen, you both stand so quietly. It's all over now, thank you."

If they only would come out of it. I looked about me and saw the same petrified stare, and I had to continue:

"I like you for many things that you do not do; for instance, you do not worry us with transfers, or advertisements, or the dumb-waiter whistle—and your climate is remarkable! The thing here that has most impressed me is the one bath-tub that I have seen."

I expected cheers. Nothing happened.

"Your smile is beautiful. I never saw such white teeth as the young man has who is standing near the gentleman leaning on his stick. Oh, yes; I want to say to the white waistcoat that the Lady Hester Primrose Carey receives proposals of marriage every morning between nine and ten; come early, and stand in line."

Hysteria was coming my way.

"Many happy returns of the day. *Obrigada.*"

With the one Portuguese word the spell was broken. The gentleman of the white waistcoat uncovered and bowed low. The crowd uncovered and shouted "*Viva!*" Then it was that he took his left hand out of his hip pocket, and extended his arm to me, and the white waistcoat and I walked in state between the parted crowd. With a feeling that I had at last come into my estate, I proceeded with much dignity in the direction he led, which was exactly the wrong one to take me

to my hotel. It was in this way that I discovered the dark archway, under which my cowardly comrades had taken shelter to hide their emotions. I was at once ignominiously dragged around the corner, and I have n't been asked to make a speech since.

This ended the feast of the "Spirita Santa" in the Rua do Beco, and from then on I have been treated by the Azorians like some one of importance.

Everywhere I walk all sorts of men salute me with such grave deference that I begin to feel like some sort of shrine. I really do.

And now take your whole family in your arms, and keep my affection within the circle. KATE.

P. S.—There are times when I would barter the whole nine Azores for one good cup of coffee.

(*To be Continued.*)

A Temple of Art

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Written for the Opening of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, May 31, 1905

I

SLOWLY to the day the rose,
The moon-flower suddenly to the night,
Their mysteries of light
In innocence unclose.

II

In this garden of delight,
This pillared temple, pure and white,
We plant the seed of art,
With mystic power
To bring, or sudden or slow, the perfect flower,
That cheers and comforts the sad human heart,
That brings to man high thought
From starry regions caught,
And sweet, unconscious nobleness of deed;
So he may never lose his childhood's joyful creed,
While years and sorrows to sorrows and years succeed.

III

Though thick the cloud that hides the unseen life
Before we were and after we shall be,
Here in this fragment of eternity;
And heavy is the burden and the strife—
The universe, we know, in beauty had its birth;
The day in beauty dawns, in beauty dies,
With intense color of the sea and skies;
And life, for all its rapine, with beauty floods the earth.
Lovely the birds, and their true song,
Amid the murmurous leaves, the summer long.
Whate'er the baffling power
Sent anger and earthquake and a thousand ills,—
It made the violet flower,
And the wide world with breathless beauty thrills.

IV

Who built the world made man
 With power to build and plan,
 A soul all loveliness to love,—
 Blossom below and lucent blue above,—
 And new unending beauty to contrive.
 He, the creature, may not make
 Beautiful beings all alive,—
 Irised moth nor mottled snake,
 The lily's splendor,
 The light of glances infinitely tender,
 Nor the day's dying glow nor flush of morn,—
 And yet his handiwork the angels shall not scorn,
 When he hath wrought in truth and by Heaven's law,—
 In lowliness and awe.
 Bravely shall he labor, while from his pure hands
 Spring fresh wonders, spread new lands;
 Son of God, no longer child of fate,
 Like God he shall create.

V

When, weary ages hence, the wrong world is set right;
 When brotherhood is real
 And all that justice can for man is done,
 When the fair, fleeing, anguished-for ideal
 Turns actual at last; and 'neath the sun
 Man hath no human foe;
 And even the brazen sky, and storms that blow,
 And all the elements have friendlier proved,—
 By human wit to human uses moved,—
 Ah, still shall art endure,
 And beauty's light and lure,
 To keep man noble, and make life delight,
 Though shadows backward fall from the engulfing night.

VI

In a world of little aims,
 Sordid hopes and futile fames,
 Spirit of Beauty! high thy place
 In the fashioning of the race.
 In this temple, built to thee,
 We thy worshippers would be,
 Lifting up, all undefiled,
 Hearts as lowly as a child;
 Humble to be taught and led
 And on celestial manna fed;
 So to take into our lives
 Something that from heaven derives.

Notable Biographies, Autobiographies, and Letters

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

I

I REGRET to say that the name of George Jacob Holyoake was unknown to me until I made his acquaintance through two volumes of his "Bygones Worth Remembering."* It seems that Mr. Holyoake, who was at the time of the writing of this book in his eighty-eighth year, and who is still living, has been a friend, or an acquaintance, of most of the interesting men and women of his day. He has always been an agitator, and his more intimate friends have been agitators. His best-known book was called "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life"; so he apparently regards the name agitator as no reproach. Mr. Holyoake has suffered for his views. He was tried and condemned for atheism and confined in Gloucester prison. Now, in his old age, he reviews the past for his own entertainment and that of his friends. In America Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison, James Russell Lowell, and other men engaged in the anti-slavery crusade were his friends.

In England two of his most intimate friends were George Henry Lewes and George Eliot. The former included him in the first public list of writers and contributors to *The Leader*. The friendship of this man and this woman he valued above all others, for he says: "When I found a vacant place at the head of their graves, which lie side by side, I bought it, that my ashes should repose there, should I die in England."

Mr. Holyoake speaks strongly and with feeling in regard to the slanders that were circulated about George Eliot and Lewes. He says:

I know of no instance of purity and generosity greater than that displayed by George Eliot in her

*"Bygones Worth Remembering." By George Jacob Holyoake. Dutton. \$5.00.

relation with Mr. Lewes. Edgar Allan Poe was subject to graver defamation, widely believed for years, which was afterwards shown to be entirely devoid of truth. George Eliot's personal reputation will hereafter be seen to be just and luminous.

For myself, I never could see what conventional opinion had to do with a personal union founded in affection, by which nobody was wronged, nobody distressed, and in which protection was accorded and generous provision made for the present and future interest of every one concerned. Conventional opinion, even in its ethical aspects, could not establish higher relations than existed in their case. There are thousands of marriages tolerated conventionally and ecclesiastically approved in every way less estimable and less honorable than the distinguished union upon which society, without justification, affected to frown.

Another well-known woman with whom Mr. Holyoake seems to have been on terms of intimacy was Harriet Martineau, "the deaf girl of Norwich." In 1852-3 Harriet Martineau invited Mr. Holyoake to visit her at Ambleside, saying: "I should like a good long conversation with you on the Abolitionists and American slavery, and also on the intolerable iniquities of *The Leader*." They drove around the country together, visiting Wordsworth's house and Brantwood, the place that Ruskin afterwards bought, but which was then the residence of W. J. Linton, the American engraver. Miss Martineau, he says, had an instinct for domesticity. "I never knew a more womanly woman. Her life was an answer to those who think that active interest in public affairs is incompatible with household affection." Mr. Holyoake's opinion of Harriet Martineau is of the highest. He has met few men who had her intellect, her power of reasoning, and

she had the unusual capacity which the gods only are said to give—that of seeing herself as others saw her. She saw her own life and intellectual

power in its strength and in its limitation, as though she stood away from them and looked at them; she saw them, as it were, palpable and apart from herself. Of imagination, which sheds sunshine over style, she had little. Her pictures were etchings rather than paintings. Her strength lay in directness of expression and practical thought. She saw social facts and their influences, their nature and sequences, with a vividness no other writer of her day did.

Miss Martineau lived twenty-two years after physicians said that she might die at any moment of heart disease.

Had she not been a woman of courage she would have died, as was suggested to her. She understood that she must accept new conditions of life. She had a bed made in a railway carriage, and went down with her maids to Ambleside, and never left her house except to take air and get the relief which the smoking of a cigarette gave her, as she sat on summer evenings just outside the open windows of her sitting-room. She might have given herself greater liberty, for she did not die of heart ailment after all.

Of course Mazzini was one of Mr. Holyoake's friends, and he says of him that his knowledge not only of English but of English people was so extraordinary that it was hard to believe him to be a foreigner. Mr. Holyoake thinks it a great pity that Madame Venturi, who was in constant communication with Mazzini during the many years he was in London, had not Boswellized him. Nevertheless, we are indebted to her for the best biography of the patriot that appeared in her time. Mr. Holyoake, however, gives a few of his sayings, which show the quality of his table-talk:

Falsehood is the art of cowards. Credulity without examination is the practice of idiots.

Any order of things established through violence, even though in itself superior to the old, is still a tyranny.

Blind distrust, like blind confidence, is death to all great enterprises.

In morals, thought and action should be inseparable. Thought without action is selfishness; action without thought is rashness.

The curse of Cain is upon him who does not regard himself as the guardian of his brother.

Education is the bread of the soul.

Art does not imitate, it interprets.

London was apparently no safer place for Mazzini than Rome. Mr. Holyoake says that he has been asked by his host to walk home with him at night from a London suburban villa, where he dined, because a royalist assassin was known to be in London waiting to kill him.

While Gladstone and Mr. Holyoake were not always in sympathy in public matters they were still excellent friends. In speaking of Gladstone he mentions the "meteoric intensity" of his eyes; but he says notwithstanding this intensity he lacked quick recognition, so that he would pass by members of his party in the Lobby of Parliament without accosting them, fearing to do so when he desired it, lest he should mistake their identity and set up party misconceptions.

Mr. Gladstone ignored persons because he did not see them. It should not have been left to Sir E. Hamilton to make this known after Mr. Gladstone's death. The fact should have been disclosed fifty years before.

Of Gladstone's conversation, Mr. Holyoake says it was

like an oration in miniature. Its exactness, its modulation, its force of expression, its foreseeingness of all the issues of ideas, came at will. I never listened to conversation so easy, so natural, so precise, so full of color and truth, spoken with such spontaneity and force.

When Mr. Holyoake first knew Herbert Spencer he had "a half-rustic look." He was ruddy, "and gave the impression of being a young country gentleman of the sporting farmer type, looking as unlike a philosopher as Thomas Henry Buckle looked like a historian, as he appeared to me on my first interview with him."

Writing of Disraeli he describes him as a "fossilized bygone to this generation; though in the political arena he was the most glittering performer of his day."

Germany and England, according to Mr. Holyoake, produced the two greatest adventurers of the century—Ferdinand Lassalle and Benjamin Disraeli.

Both were Jews. Both had dark locks and faith in jewelry. Both were Sybarites in their pleasures;

and personal ambition was the master passion of each. Both were consummate speakers. Both sought distinction in literature as a prelude to influence. Both professed devotion to the interests of the people by promulgating doctrines which would consolidate the power of the governing classes.

Mr. Holyoake has not much "use," as we say in America, for Disraeli, and he is not alone in his opinion when he sets him down as something of a mountebank. But any one who regards Disraeli only as a mountebank makes a huge mistake.

II

Mr. A. C. Benson was a capital choice for the writing of this book.* Not only is he sympathetic with FitzGerald, but he is a delightful writer.

Edward FitzGerald was born on the 31st of March, 1809, a year in which some of the most distinguished of latter-day writers and statesmen saw the light. He was the seventh of eight children. His father was a country squire, fond of hunting and shooting, and from him, no doubt, FitzGerald inherited his love for the country, though not for shooting. Sailing was his favorite pastime, and reading. What an amount of reading he did! Never without a book in his hand or in his pocket, and when his eyes failed him he had a series of boy-readers who read to him for hours at a time everything that was worth reading, mostly dead and gone masters of literature, though he did read moderns, for among the greatest of these were his special cronies, Thackeray, Carlyle, and Tennyson. Tennyson, it will be remembered, was so struck by the picture presented by FitzGerald sitting under a tree, with his hair blowing in the wind, and his pigeons perching all over him, that he described the scene in the dedication to his "Tiresias" volume, which, by the way, FitzGerald did not live to see:

Old Fitz, who from your suburb grange,
Where once I tarried for a while,
Glance at the wheeling orb of change,

And greet it with a kindly smile;
Whom yet I see as there you sit
Beneath your sheltering garden-tree,
And while your doves about you flit,
And plant on shoulder, hand, and knee,
Or on your head their rosy feet,
As if they knew your diet spares
Whatever moved in that full sheet
Let down to Peter at his prayers;
Who live on milk and meal and grass.

Except that FitzGerald did not live in the woods and do his own work, his life was almost as simple as that of Thoreau. He lived in the country, and when he was not reading or sailing in his boat he was rambling through field or wood. He disliked definite arrangements, and only did what he felt like doing at the time he felt like doing it. In the course of his life he made many experiments in diet. At one time he lived practically on bread and fruit, mostly apples and pears—even turnips—with sometimes cheese, or butter, and milk puddings. He was a vegetarian, but to avoid an appearance of singularity he would eat meat at other houses, and provided it in plenty for his guests. His favorite meal was tea. He was abstemious, but not a teetotaler; and was a moderate smoker, using, after the manner of Tennyson, clean clay pipes, which he broke in pieces after he had smoked them once. One of his readers was very punctual. He came exactly at 7.30 and went at 9.30. FitzGerald used to call him "the ghost," because he came silently at the exact time every evening and departed always at the same hour. He first read from magazines and current journals, then a novel or a biography. Boswell's "Johnson" or something of that sort. It was no sinecure to be FitzGerald's reader, for his temper was a little uncertain. If he was bored he would fidget and say, "Oh, pass that d—d rot!" If he was unusually hard on the reader he would apologize afterwards or even proffer a small tip, which he called "insulting the boy in a pecuniary manner." While the reading was going on FitzGerald

sat on a low chair with his feet on the fender, in dressing-gown and slippers. He invariably wore

* "Edward FitzGerald." By A. C. Benson. English Men of Letters Series. Macmillan. 75 cts. net.

his tall hat, only removing it occasionally to get a red silk handkerchief out of it. He would hold his snuff-box in his hand, or a paper-knife; if he was interested he would sit silent, stroking his beard with the paper-knife; if he was not interested he would make endless interruptions.

FitzGerald, says Mr. Benson, had an extraordinary fund of sentiment in his nature. His friendships, as he said of himself, were "more like loves." Both Thackeray and Tennyson declared that they loved FitzGerald best of all their friends. Even Carlyle kept a very warm corner in his heart for FitzGerald. His friendships were almost entirely for men, though he did have two very intimate women friends, Mrs. Cowell and Mrs. Kemble. He was a man of a kindly nature, but he could be very discourteous if he felt inclined. When the rector of Woodbridge visited him and said, "I am sorry, Mr. FitzGerald, that I never see you at church," he replied with Johnsonian rotundity: "Sir, you might have conceived that a man has not come to my years without thinking much on those things. I believe I may say that I have reflected on them fully. You need not repeat this visit."

In summing up the life and work of Edward FitzGerald, Mr. Benson finds on the debit side

a certain childishness of disposition, indolence, a weak sentimentality, a slackness of moral fibre, a deep-seated infirmity of purpose. These may be partly condoned by an inherited eccentricity. On the credit side stands a true loyalty of nature, an unobtrusive generosity, a real love of humanity, a moral clear-sightedness, an acute perception of beauty, a literary gift that at its best was of the nature of genius. There can be little question on which side the balance lies. We may regret the want of strenuousness, the over-developed sensibility which led him to live constantly in the pathos of the past, the pain of the contemplation of perishable sweetness. But we may be thankful for so simple, so tender-hearted, so ingenuous a life; we may feel that the long quiet years were not misspent which produced, if so rarely, the delicate flowers of genius. To enrich the world with one imperishable poem, to make music of some of the saddest and darkest doubts that haunt the mind of man—this is what many far busier and more concentrated lives fail to do. To strew the threshold of the abyss with flowers, to dart an

ethereal gleam into the encircling gloom, to set a garland of roses in the very shrine of death, to touch despair with beauty—this is to bear a part in the work of consoling men, of reconciling fate, of enlightening doom, of interpreting the vast and awful mind of God. Truth itself can do no more than hint at the larger hope—"It is He that hath made us."

III

There are many references to William Bodham Donne in the letters of Edward FitzGerald. Donne was a man high in the esteem of men and women whose names are household words—FitzGerald, Alfred Tennyson, Fanny Kemble, John Mitchell Kemble—to mention but a few of his intimates.

Donne was a lover of books and of the stage, and his friends were eminent authors and actors. For a time he held the ungrateful office of censor of plays, but he seems to have given satisfaction all round, for the Queen was pleased and the managers were pleased. So pleased was Her Majesty that she invited him to arrange the private performances at Windsor, and so pleased were the managers that they presented him with a handsome testimonial in the shape of a silver inkstand. I wonder how many testimonials would be presented to the present holder of the censorship by managers or public in the event of his retirement, unless because of joy over that fact?

Most of the letters in this book* were written by Donne, but a great many were written to him, and it is hard to say which are the more interesting.

One of the first letters in the book is from Arthur Hallam to Donne. He speaks of becoming a student of law, but is not very enthusiastic on the subject. "The life I have always desired," he writes, "is the very one that you seem to be leading, a wife and a library—what more can a man, being rational, require, unless it be a cigar?" Poor Hallam, his life was short, but he has been made immortal by his friend Tennyson. Apropos of these two friends J. M. Kemble writes to Donne:

* "William Bodham Donne and His Friends." Edited by Catherine B. Johnson. *Dutton*.

Alfred Tennyson is about to give the world a volume of stupendous poems, the lowest toned of which is strung higher than the highest of his former volumes. He has been in London for some time, and a happy time it was; a happy time and a holy time, for it is the mighty privilege of such men to spread their own glory around them, upon all who come within the circuit of their light, and to exalt and purify them also. We had a fine reunion of choice spirits of an evening then; Hallam, Edward Spedding and his brother, the two Heaths, and Merivale, the kindest hearted and one of the mildest of scoffers; and amongst them Fanny's "Star of Seville" first read. This was well, was it not?

Hallam and Tennyson, influenced principally I believe by my descriptions, then went upon the Rhine, whence they are just returned. Arthur has written a beautiful scene on the subject of that charming picture of *Rafaele* on the *Fornarina* of which you must have seen prints.

In another letter Kemble writes of a dinner given by Murray, the publisher, among whose guests was James Hogg:

The "Shepherd" is quite delicious; he made the finest whiskey toddy in the world, and sang several glorious songs, his own, Burns', and some old Jacobite ones which made my heart leap.

Edward FitzGerald, writing of Carlyle, says: "I think Carlyle is a one-sided man; but I like him because he pulls one the opposite side to which all the world are pulling one."

There are a number of letters from Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet and father-in-law of FitzGerald. In one he speaks of meeting Bayard Taylor, who had just then published his "Views Afoot," one of the most fascinating books, by the way, that I have ever read. Barton recalls having met Taylor at a breakfast at Lockhart's. Taylor was then nineteen years of age and had set out to see the Old World with \$140 in his knapsack!

At that breakfast-table he had not one shilling in his pocket, for he reached Town the day before on his return from the continent and owns his finances were reduced to a frank and a half, yet he was gay as the gayest of us round Lockhart's breakfast-table, and his manners and appearance more those of a Gentleman than I should have dreamt Yankee Land likely to turn out.

In a letter from Fanny Kemble she congratulates Donne on having de-

clined the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*:

Though £1,500 a year is a pretty income to put into a man's pocket—yet as you must have paid all your contributors out of that, the remains would not have been so much as the *whole*—I think.

It would be hard to know to whom belonged the most sympathy under such an arrangement—the editor or the contributors!

To Mrs. Kemble Donne writes:

A. Tennyson and his wife have been in London for a few days; both well: he has purchased the place he hired in the Isle of Wight, and is, I understand, working in good earnest at the "*Morte d'Arthur*." So far the reception of "*Maud*" has done him good, as it has shown him that there may be too much of merely lyrical effusions and that a great poet requires a large canvas. Mrs. Browning has been delivered of "*Aurora Leigh*," *i. e.*, of many hundreds of verses, which I have not read and do not intend to read, not out of disrespect, but simply because I do not understand either her writings or her husband's, and—a sign of age I suppose—require poetry to be some years old before I can relish it.

Neither Donne nor FitzGerald seem to have cared much for the poetry of Browning, for FitzGerald writes:

What do you think of Browning's Poem? I say an impudent piece of Cockneyism—so far as I can judge from the three vain attempts I have made to read it. Alfred Tennyson says I am wrong, however, and I should shut my mouth after that, only that the magnanimous old Dog tried to force Bailey's "*Festus*" down our throats in the same way.

Browning was in good company, for FitzGerald did not care for Hawthorne:

The Prime Minister's "Sybil" I found heavy and—strange thing for him—ditto Lord Lytton: so I fastened on "*Bleak House*," and thanked God for it and Dickens! Then I bought at the Railway Stall "*Elsie Venner*" by O. W. Holmes; very well worth reading, absurd as the motive is, and disproportionate as the Narrative. Holmes is I think a Man of Genius. I believe I never could read Hawthorne's Stories.

From his sailboat FitzGerald writes:

My three Books aboard have been these, Greeks, Montaigne, and "*David Copperfield*." What a

pity that a few Pages of vulgar Taste, and Minor Theatre Effect, should mar the last: which might almost be made perfect by—a Pair of Scissors—my great Remedy, you know!

While Thackeray was a friend of Donne's there are no letters from or to him, though there are frequent references to him and his family. In a letter to Mrs. Kemble Donne writes:

. . . Thackeray has just completed his lecturing and netted no small sum thereby. He told me with great pleasure, the other day, that at last he was worth a clear £500 a year, and had just signed an agreement with his Publisher for a new novel in monthly numbers, for which he is to be paid £300 per number! I remember the time when his copy per sheet was worth no more than mine, viz., from 10 to 16 guineas, but he was born with brains, and while I retain my original value, he has just twenty-folded his worth.

Thackeray rejoicing over an income of twenty-five hundred dollars! What would Winston Churchill or Hall Caine say to that figure?

Although FitzGerald lived out of the world and seldom read newspapers he seemed to keep pretty well posted in what was going on, most of his information coming from the letters of his friends who lived in the midst of things. That he does live mostly to himself he seems to lament at times:

I have not been well and we're all growing old: and 't is time to think of curling oneself up like a Dog about to lie down. Had I worked as you have done, I should have given way years and years ago: but like a selfish Beast, I have kept out of obligations and self-sacrifices. I only say *this* in self-defence: that, if I don't exert myself for others' Good, I don't do so for their harm; and if I keep selfishly to myself, at least don't intrude on others. Enough of all that. It is a very poor Business.

Perhaps the most interesting and important letter in this volume is the one written by FitzGerald to Donne in 1868 about the quatrains of Omar Khayyam, which he has made immortal:

The enclosed explains that a new Edition of my old *Omar* is about to come forth—with a good deal added in verse and prose. The former Edition was as much *lost* as sold, when B. Quarritch changed houses; he has told Cowell these 2 years that a few more would sell; a French version has revived my old flame; and now Mr. Childs will soon send some 200 copies to B. Quarritch.

It seems absurd to make terms about such a pamphlet, likely to be so slow of sale, so I have written to Q. in answer; that he must fix the most *salable* price he can; take his own proper profit out of it; and when 50 copies are sold give me mine. If this won't do, I have bid him ask you. The whole thing is not worth two letters or two conversations about; I should be inclined to make the whole edition over to him except such copies as I want to give away (to W. B. D. and Cowell, etc., and a few more), but one only looks more of a fool by doing so—so I say after 50 copies, etc., when I believe my Ghost will have to call upon B. Q. for a reckoning.

The great thing (I tell him) is, only to put a moderate price, such as most likely to be given, not stick on what won't be given at all. Don't you go to B. Q. about this: only, if he sends to ask you, you are apprised. I do not think I should ask you such a thing if it lay much out of your way. Only don't *you* try to make a bargain for me; I can't tell you how absurd even this much palaver about it is.

FitzGerald took the utmost pains with his translations, but when the book was finished he did not think its pecuniary rewards worth bothering about—nor were they during his life.



The Guest

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

WITH books and beetles till the dawn
is twilight
From care he finds release;
And on his face there falls from
heaven's wide skylight
The raptured glow of peace.

I can but guess the mysteries he mas-
ters,
Too deep for idle speech,
The wisdom of the daisies and the
asters,
The willow and the beech.

Sometimes I see him where the shad-
ows lengthen
Among the clustered trees,
At gaze upon the nests where young
birds strengthen,
Or watching flower-caught bees.

Sometimes the beauty of a blossom
blowing
I show him for his praise,
And to the warmth that in his cheek is
glowing
Its cool soft leaves he lays.

"But still," he says, "the beauty of
the lily
Is not so fair and fine
As is the thought that works within it
stilly,
A birth of love divine."

And sometimes when a bird sings past,
a flashing
Of red or brown or blue,
In sweeping curves that make it seem
a dashing
Of grace within our view,

He says, all rapt: "That airy flight
wide-winged
Is not so strangely sweet
As is the subtle harmony of singing
Wherever song may beat.

"In peopled lands and desert isles of
ocean
One law and purpose sway,

One bond for man and plant and cir-
cling motion
Of planets on their way:

"The law of growth, of change, that
seeks the newer
And casts the old aside,
That leaves the true for hope of some-
thing truer,
The dawn for noon's high tide."

And sometimes when the day is dying
slowly
The mellow voice of flute
From out his chamber breathes so soft
and lowly
That all my soul is mute.

And sometimes when a withered leaf
before us
Falls flutteringly down,
A sudden silence of dimmed eyes comes
o'er us
And hides the misty town.

"There is," he says, "but one thing
finer, fairer,
More beautiful than death:
The life that from it grows to being
rarer,
Informed with sweeter breath.

"For life that is and was but shapes
the morrow;
The birth of each new day
Is gladdened through its sadness by
the sorrow
Of old things passed away."

And sometimes when the wind is in
the beeches
And clouds have crossed the sky,
He lifts his eyes beyond the spirit's
reaches,
As rooks go clamoring by;

And in the tender smile that chides my
seeing
At last I surely know
That he has caught the inmost soul of
being;
He feels and loves it so.

Literature as a Pursuit

By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

[THE CRITIC has the pleasure of laying before its readers, by permission, this most interesting address delivered by Col. Higginson before the Harvard Ethical Society, Cambridge, Mass., this being one of a series given by men of various occupations, before the Society.—EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.]

I HAVE been asked to address you on literature as a pursuit, and I am placed at a considerable disadvantage, first, because the conditions of publication are now so wholly different in America and in England that I cannot speak from both points of view as you might desire. Literature in England is now organized upon a basis of middlemen or agents who take a manuscript and dispose of it without direct contact with its writer,—a plan which I am glad to say is not yet adopted here, where author and publisher still meet man to man. A second point may also diminish the value of whatever I may say to you, namely, that I grew up more than half a century before you, when a literary life in America was simpler than now. I can make no more elementary beginning, I think, than by reading to you from Thoreau's manuscript diaries, as copied by myself, this account of the manner in which his literary life began. These diaries are now in the possession of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., and are being published in the *Atlantic*. Thoreau, you may remember, presents the extreme position of having printed but two volumes during life, but of having nine volumes more printed after death, and of having four memoirs of him already written. The New National Encyclopædia expresses the opinion that his writings are "wearing better" than those of any of his contemporaries.

His first book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," was received as indicated in the following extract:

(Oct. 28.) For a year or two past my publisher, falsely so called, has been writing from time to time to ask what disposition should be made of the copies of "A Week," etc., still on hand, and at last suggesting that he had use for the room they

occupied in his cellar, so I had them all sent to me here, and they have arrived to-day by express, filling the man's wagon, 706 copies out of an edition of 1000 which I bought of Munroe four years ago—and have been ever since paying for and have not quite paid for yet. The wares are sent to me at last and I have an opportunity to examine my purchase. They are something more substantial than fame—as my back knows, which has borne them up two flights of stairs to a place similar to that to which they trace their origin. Of the remaining 290 and odd, 75 were given away—the rest sold. I have now a library of nearly 900 volumes, over 700 of which I wrote myself. Is it not well that the author should behold the fruits of his labor? My works are piled up on one side of my chamber half as high as my head—my *opera omnia*. This is authorship—these are the work of my brain. There was just one piece of good luck in the venture. The unbound were tied up by the printer four years ago in stout paper wrappers and inscribed "H. D. Thoreau's Concord River 80 copies." So Munroe had only to cross out River and write Mass., and deliver them to the expressman at once.

I can see now what I write for, the result of my labors. Nevertheless, in spite of this result, sitting beside the inert mass of my works, I take up my pen to-night to record what thought or experience I may have had with as much satisfaction as ever. Indeed, I believe that this result is more inspiring and better for me than if a thousand had bought my wares. It affects my privacy less, and leaves me freer.

(Nov. 28.) Settled with J. Munroe & Co., and on a new account placed 13 of my books with him on sale. [Apparently that was the maximum amount to be safely launched at a time.] I have paid him directly out of pocket since the book was published \$290, and taken his receipt for it. This does not include postage of proof sheets, etc. I have received from other quarters about \$15. This has been the pecuniary value of the book. Saw at the Natural History rooms the skeleton of a moose, with horns. The length of the spinal processes, etc.,

and the rest of the page is given up to a description of the moose!

That was Thoreau. These were the early experiences of one who is now recognized as one of the leading American authors. This gives you the minimum. I do not think the most enthusiastic or most adventurous of you can ever under the most unfavorable circumstances land himself in a more unfortunate position than Thoreau seemed to be in at the end of the period to which I have brought him.

There are, on the other hand, certain definite advantages in the literary profession, which you would do well to keep clearly in mind, and which will help you to understand what might otherwise prove a puzzle, namely, that those who have undertaken it, while they are very apt to complain of it, are not at all apt to quit it; in this respect differing very much from the clerical profession, for instance, of which the members, while constantly urging it upon young men, are yet very apt personally to quit it for some pursuit a shade more secular.

I should attribute to the literary vocation the following advantages. First, at its best it puts a man on higher ground as to pursuits and gives him at least the chance of being remembered longer, than any other vocation supplies. "A book," said the great lawyer Rufus Choate, "is the only immortality." Looking back over my college days, I find the names of all but a few lawyers and doctors of that period forgotten, except for the habit peculiar to the latter profession of producing a continued supply of the same family name in successive generations, a peculiarity which I could never quite understand. I do not mean to say that the books or names of all authors are immortal, quite the contrary. I remember too well a time when a playmate of mine, some years older than myself, George Frederick Ware of Cambridge, confided to me his authorship of an anonymous volume entitled "The Retrospect, and Other Poems," a secret which I violated so far as to confide it to the young author's college classmate James Russell Lowell, who bought the only copy of it

which was ever sold. I should perhaps have repented of my treachery, but that I knew of the publication, about the same time, of a much larger book, a poem called "Gonsalvo de Cordova," of which not a solitary copy ever found a purchaser; so that the publishers, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, might at any time be seen retreating from the back door of their shop whenever the unfortunate author entered at the front door.

A second advantage is that the literary profession lasts a man into later life than other pursuits. One discovers in growing older what will seem to most of you improbable at your age, that lawyers and physicians, however eminent, are apt to outgrow their prestige at least. I am brought now by accident into quite a circle of young physicians. Nothing can exceed the irreverence with which they speak of all physicians thirty or forty years older than they are; and in the law some of our most eminent men seem to have had their practice slip from under their hands. Turn, for instance, to the life of Richard Henry Dana, which Charles Francis Adams has written, and you will see how reluctantly he tells that somehow or other Dana's practice seemed to vanish through his hands, whereas he had been not many years before the leading lawyer of Boston. That is to be considered. A literary man usually keeps his hold much later in life.

A third advantage is, that the literary man's work keeps him in a much higher vein of thought, even where, as often happens, it involves a constant revision of his own work. Robert Browning, for instance, performed in later life the extraordinary feat of going through his rather abstruse poem of "Sordello" and placing at the top of each page a single line of motto, which virtually told the story of the somewhat unintelligible page below. This did at least no harm, but in other cases he damaged his poems forever, by laboriously simplifying them too much in order to meet half way those who could not quite comprehend him. Both his son and his sister assured me when I

saw them in Italy that he could be easily induced to do this by any one who was puzzled, and always justified it on the ground that the thought was the thing important, and all else was secondary. If any of you who are lovers of Browning will read for instance in the original edition of "Bells and Pomegranates" the exquisite song beginning "You'll love me yet," you will see an almost ludicrous change by which, in later editions, he comforted the puzzled readers of two verses which were originally continuous, by putting a full stop between them, as his readers had done, and so spoiling both the thought and the sound. He admitted the charge, when I reproached him with it, and readily promised to alter it back again, which it is needless to say he never did. There is also a great tendency under the same circumstances in Browning to put in farther illustrations which exasperate the older readers. His beautiful pair of poems, "Night" and "Morning," are instances of this. He alters the titles in his later editions to "Meeting at Night" and "Parting in the Morning," destroying the shy remoteness of it all. And you will find a great deal of that sort of thing in authors. It is the perilous part of the author's life.

Fourth, it perhaps adds on the whole to the fascination of literature, that no author knows which book of his will succeed. Goethe wrote to Schiller, "We make money by our poor books," and if you wish to win an author's heart the surest way is to inquire from his publisher which of his books has come nearest to an absolute failure. You have then only to write to him, praise that book to the skies, and close by quoting a sentence. I could easily tell you which book of mine this would be, but wild horses should not draw that from me. (Laughter.) I have more than once in life, however, gone through precisely that experience.

My talk thus far has been perhaps too much on the extended aspects of literature. Let me now dare to go a little farther into its possibilities, and assert favorably to you the value of literature as reaching a world outside of

science and incapable of being duplicated or overwhelmed by it.

It is a commonplace saying,—and I think it is Quintilian who recommends that in treating every important subject we should begin from the commonplace, though this is indeed not difficult—that we live in an age of science. We are assured without ceasing, and it is, within just limits, perfectly true; that modern science has transformed the world of thought, or is rapidly doing it. The world of action it has certainly transformed. Scientific mechanics are keeping pace, in the most astounding way, with abstract science; and we are all, as has been said, "gazing into the light of the future, our profoundest curiosity quivering under the currents of new thought as a magnet vibrates in the grasp of an induction coil." The wonders of the "Arabian Nights" are the commonplaces of living and moving.

With this has naturally come a shifting of the old standards of education, and a claim that science, as such, is exclusively to rule the world. An accomplished German savant, Baron Osten Sacken, long resident in this country, whom I knew in Newport, R. I., once told me that in his opinion poetry, for instance, was already quite superseded, and music and art must soon follow. Literature, he thought, would only endure, if at all, as a means of preserving the results of science, probably in the shape of chemical formulæ. He was a most agreeable man, who always complained that he had made a fatal mistake in his career through rashly taking the whole of the Diptera, or two-winged insects, for his scientific task; whereas to have taken charge of any single genus, as the gnats or the mosquitoes, would have been enough, he thought, for the life-work of a judicious man.

We smile at this as extravagant, and yet we have, by the direct confession of the great leader of modern science, the noble and large-minded Darwin, an instance of almost complete atrophy of one whole side of the mind at the very time when its scientific action was at its highest point. Up to the age of thirty, Darwin tells us, he took intense de-

light in poetry—Milton, Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, and Shelley—while he read Shakespeare with supreme enjoyment. Pictures and music also gave him much pleasure. But at sixty-seven he writes that “for many years he cannot endure to read a line of poetry”; that he has lately tried Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated him; and that he has almost lost all taste for pictures and music. This he records, not with satisfaction, but with “great regret”; he would gladly have it otherwise, but cannot. It is simply that one whole side of his intellectual being was paralyzed, a loss which all the healthy enjoyment of the other side of his nature could scarcely repay. Yet it is possible that the lesson of Darwin’s limitations may be scarcely less valuable than that of his achievements. By his strength he revolutionized the world of science. By his weakness he gave evidence that there is a world outside of science.

We cannot, on the one side, deny that Darwin had the highest type of scientific mind. Nor can we, on the other, deny the truth and validity of what he ignored. Of the studies that became extinguished in him, we can say, as Tacitus said when the images of Brutus and Cassius were not carried in the Roman procession: “*Eo magis præfulgebant quia non visebantur*”; or, as Emerson yet more tersely translates it, “They glared out of their absences.” If there were nothing else that placed Emerson at the head of the English writers of our time, that one sentence would do it. He is probably the only English writer who ever succeeded in shortening a passage of Tacitus.

It would be easy to multiply testimonies from high scientific authority to this limitation and narrowing of the purely scientific mind. One such recent testimony may be found in an important report of the former head of the chemical department of Harvard University, Professor Josiah P. Cooke, and another may be found in that very remarkable paper in the *Forum*, entitled “The Education of the Future,” by a man who singularly combined

within himself the scientific and literary gifts—Clarence King, formerly Director of the United States Geological Survey. After weighing, more skillfully than I have ever seen it done elsewhere, the strength and weakness of the literary or classical training of the past, he thus deals with the other side:

With all its novel powers and practical sense, I am obliged to admit that the purely scientific brain is miserably mechanical; it seems to have become a splendid sort of self-directed machine, an incredible automaton, grinding on with its analyses and constructions. But for pure sentiment, for all that spontaneous, joyous Greek waywardness of fancy, for the temperature of passion and the subtle thrill of ideality, you might as well look to a cast-iron derrick.

That is the verdict of one of the finest scientific minds that America has yet produced.

If there be an intellectual world outside of science, where is the boundary-line of that world? We pass that boundary, it would seem, whenever we enter the realm usually called intuitive or inspirational; a realm whose characteristic it is that it is not subject to processes or measurable by tests. The yield of this other world may be as real as that of the scientific world, but its methods are not traceable, nor are its achievements capable of being duplicated by the mere force of patient will. Keats, in one of his fine letters, classifies the universe, and begins boldly with “things real, as sun, moon, and passages of Shakespeare.” Sun and moon lie within the domain of science, and at this moment the astronomers are following out that extraordinary discovery which has revealed in the bright star Algol a system of three and perhaps four stellar bodies, revolving round each other and influencing each other’s motions, and this at a distance so great that the rays of light which reveal them left their home nearly fifty years ago. The imagination is paralyzed before a step so vast; yet it all lies within the domain of science, while science can tell us no more how “Macbeth” or “Hamlet” came into existence than if the new astronomy had never been born. It is as true of

the poem as of the poet—*Nascitur non fit*. We cannot even define what poetry is; and Thoreau says that there never yet was a definition of it so good but the poet would proceed to disregard it by setting aside all its requisitions.

Shelley says that a man cannot say, "I will compose poetry." He goes on to add: "The greatest poet even cannot say it, for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness; this power arises from within, like the color of a flower which fades and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our nature are unprophectic either of its approach or its departure." In the same way Schiller wrote to Körner that what impressed him when he sat down to write was usually some single impulse or harmonious tone, and not any clear notion of what he proposed writing. "These observations," he says, "arise from an 'Ode to Light,' with which I am now busy. I have as yet no idea what the poem will be, but a presentiment; and yet I can promise beforehand that it will be successful."

So similar are the laws of all production in the imaginative arts that we need only to turn to a great musician's description of the birth of music to find something almost precisely parallel. In a letter from Mozart, lately condensed by Professor Royce, he writes:

My ideas come as they will, I don't know how, in a stream. . . . If I can hold on to them, they begin to join on to one another, as if they were bits that a pastry cook should join on in his

pantry. And now my soul gets heated, and if nothing disturbs me the piece grows larger and brighter, until, however long it is, it is all finished at once, so that I can see it at a glance.

In both arts, therefore, there occurs something which it is hardly extravagant to call inspiration, or direct inflow from some fountain unknown, and lying wholly outside of all science. There is absolutely no point at which science can even begin to investigate it, because the first essential of scientific observation—the recurrence of similar phenomena under similar conditions—is wanting. Coleridge's poem of "Kubla Khan" was left hopelessly a fragment by the arrival of a man from Porlock; but there is no ray of evidence that its continuation could have been secured by placing a piece of artillery before the front door to compel every resident of Porlock to keep his distance.

The world's greatest literature, we may assume, was like unto this. Science can be duplicated or gone over again, or it can be dropped and taken up again at the same point. It can be renewed. The highest forms of literature come we know not whence and go we know not whither; and this accounts for instances in such work where even one verse remains in the memory of mankind while all the rest is lost. We have now the key to that atrophy on one side of Darwin's nature. It was in his case the Nemesis of Science—the price he paid for his magnificent achievements. Poetry is not a part of science, but it is, as Wordsworth once said, "the antithesis of science"; it is a world outside. The name of this world, we may conclude, is literature.



Magazine Circulation and Advertising

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THE great advertisers know all about it, of course. It is their business to do so, and from them editors and publishers have no secrets—they cannot have any, desirable as it might be! A few others whose work brings them in close touch in one way or another with the magazines may form some rather correct ideas concerning the subject, but the general public, upon whose patronage not only the editors and publishers of the magazines but the advertisers therein depend, knows little or nothing about the matter. Some periodicals there are—whose circulation is over six figures!—who cry the number they sell from the house-tops, but the greater number of magazines, without in any sense keeping it secret, do not make any parade of the numbers they sell; and some few there be whose circulation is rigorously guarded from nearly everybody.

Having much to do with magazines as a frequent contributor thereto, as well as a studious observer of advertisements by and through which they live and move and have a being—there is often more talent evidenced in the advertising pages than in the magazine proper, by the way!—it occurred to me that it would be interesting to secure statistics as to circulation and income, so far as I could, of the non-technical and non-trade magazines, and then to discuss the figures. I wrote to the advertising managers of thirty-nine of the leading monthly magazines—disregarding all weeklies—as follows:

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Ainslee's | 13. Designer |
| 2. Argosy | 14. Everybody's |
| 3. Atlantic | 15. Good Housekeeping |
| 4. Booklover's | 16. Harper's Bazaar |
| 5. Bookman | 17. Harper's Monthly |
| 6. Book News | 18. Ladies' Home Journal |
| 7. Century | 19. Lamp |
| 8. Chatauquan | 20. Leslie's |
| 9. Cosmopolitan | 21. Lippincott's |
| 10. Country Life | 22. Metropolitan |
| 11. Critic | 23. McClure |
| 12. Delineator | |

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 24. Munsey | 33. Smart Set |
| 25. National | 34. Strand |
| 26. New Idea | 35. Success |
| 27. Outing | 36. Twentieth Century Home |
| 28. Pearson | 37. Wide World |
| 29. Popular | 38. Woman's Home Companion |
| 30. Reader | 39. World's Work |
| 31. Review of Reviews | |
| 32. Scribner's | |

In most cases the information required was most cheerfully given. In but three instances was the circulation withheld—in only one case absolutely so. From independent and trustworthy data I was able to arrive at a fair approximation of the correct figures in these cases. The statistics, therefore, which follow depend upon the statements of the advertising managers. I believe them to be correct. Singular as it may seem, it is my judgment that if they have erred it is on the side of under-statement, for there is, it appears, a gradual and constant if small increase all along the line from month to month.

The resulting calculations have been made with care and have been verified by every test that suggested itself. Again, I think they are rather under-stated, for in computing advertising, for instance, I took no account of extra prices for choice positions, as outside or inside covers; of increased revenue by especially colored or prepared insert pages, and so on. Therefore, so far as the opinion of this statistician goes, the statements are to be accepted as actual. Figures won't lie unless liars—well, in this instance I do not believe that liars *have* figured. This with my best bow to the much maligned advertising men!

Of the thirty-nine magazines I find there are twenty-two with a circulation of over 200,000 copies a month, the average circulation being 257,000 copies monthly or 3,084,000 copies a year.*

*In dealing with these enormous totals I have used what are called round numbers to save space, to avoid confusing the reader, and to enable him to grasp the general conclusions the more easily.

The aggregate circulation of the thirty-nine is over 10,000,000 copies a month or 120,000,000 copies a year. Assuming that each copy has at least five readers we get the enormous total of 600,000,000 yearly readers of the monthly magazines. To anticipate, the advertisement price in all the magazines of a single page of the standard size—say of *Harper's Magazine*, to which size I reduced all pages in the following computations—would be twelve thousand dollars, so that for two thousandths of a cent for each reader a full-page advertisement could be put into the hands of 600,000,000 readers, or over seven times the population of the United States. Yet it is probable that millions of people—this, of course, is a mere guess—would never see it.

The amount paid monthly by purchasers of these magazines is \$1,500,000, yearly \$18,000,000. For this the purchasers receive five and a half thousand pages of text and pictures a month and a little over four thousand pages of advertising. The revenue of these magazines from advertising is over \$1,250,000 per month or over \$15,000,000 a year, with a grand total from circulation and advertising of over \$33,000,000 a year. This is nearly an average of \$1,000,000 a magazine, and were it not for the number of magazines of small circulation included in the list, the average would be much greater.

There are three magazines whose circulation is over 1,000,000 copies; one over 600,000; three over 400,000; three over 300,000; four over 250,000; seven over 200,000; four over 150,000; two over 100,000; eight over 50,000, and four below 50,000. The prices range from thirty-five cents to a dime. There are seventeen ten-cent magazines and twenty-two whose price is greater than that.

I have divided them into five classes. There are eight women's magazines with a monthly circulation of 3,530,000 copies; seventeen general magazines with a monthly circulation of 4,860,000; four exclusively fiction magazines with a circulation of 1,350,000; five especial publications with a circulation

of 450,000, and five literary magazines with a circulation of 145,000. A good woman's magazine is, therefore, easily the most, and a literary periodical the least, attractive financial proposition from a publisher's point of view.

The ten-cent magazines are popularly believed to be the greatest money makers. Notwithstanding this fact, the magazines of the greatest circulation are, as a rule, *not* of the ten-cent class, and most magazines of the smallest circulation are in the latter group. The yearly revenue from the sales of the ten-cent magazines is about \$5,500,000, while that from the others is over \$12,000,000. The yearly advertising revenue in the former case is barely \$5,000,000 and the latter over \$10,000,000.

The prices per month for an advertising page of the standard size range from over \$1800 to \$30, the average price being around the \$300 mark. The greatest yearly advertising revenue is a little under \$2,000,000, the lowest a little more than \$25,000.

There is supposed to be an intimate relation between amount of circulation and price of advertising. A dollar a page per thousand is a fair average, but some magazines charge nearly three dollars a page per thousand, while others are content with as little as fifty cents per page per thousand. In the table on page 170 the left column indicates the rank of the magazines based on circulation. The right column indicates the numerical standing of the same magazines based on the amount of paid advertising per year, from which it will be seen that the quality of the magazine and the presumptive character of its circulation are almost as great factors in some cases in securing advertisements as is the amount of circulation.

In considering this table it is noted that magazines which rank as low as seventeen and eighteen, whose circulation is not over 240,000, have almost as great an advertising revenue as the average of the first six magazines whose circulation averages 800,000; and a certain magazine which has a circulation of over 400,000 is twenty-seventh in

advertising value. Similar discrepancies exist in magazines twenty-four and twenty-three, with a circulation of between 150,000 and 180,000 copies, which yet rank with magazines whose circulation is over 350,000 monthly. So that while circulation is essential in securing advertising rates it is obvious that there are other immensely important factors.

Circulation over	Rank in number of copies.	Rank in paid advertising.
1,000,000.....	I	1
	II	2
	III	3
625,000.....	IV	4
	V	8
450,000 to 400,000.....	VI	5
	VII	27
	VIII	12
325,000 to 300,000.....	IX	10
	X	13
	XI	26
270,000 to 250,000.....	XII	25
	XIII	22
	XIV	21
	XV	16
	XVI	34
	XVII	6
240,000 to 200,000.....	XVIII	7
	XIX	20
	XX	24
	XXI	14
	XXII	28
185,000 to 150,000.....	XXIII	11
	XXIV	9
	XXV	19
135,000 to 100,000.....	XXVI	18
	XXVII	35
	XXVIII	17
	XXIX	15
	XXX	33
90,000 to 50,000.....	XXXI	29
	XXXII	23
	XXXIII	30
	XXXIV	31
	XXXV	30
	XXXVI	32
40,000 to 10,000.....	XXXVII	36
	XXXVIII	37
	XXXIX	38

It is commonly stated that all the profit in magazines is derived from the advertisements, that it costs more than the amount received from subscriptions to publish a magazine. Editors and publishers use the following phrases in discussing the matter: The circulation "about pays expenses"; "nearly pays expenses"; "does not quite pay expenses"; "fails largely of paying expenses." Paradoxical as it may seem, after the circulation has passed a certain point the difference between the sales revenue and the expenses rapidly in-

creases with resulting loss to the publisher, and when the advertising traffic is taxed as heavily as it will bear each additional copy printed and sold represents an additional loss to the publisher. I assume that these rather indefinite statements mean that all the expenses of the magazines, including paper, printing, payments to authors and artists, support of the plant, including salaries of editors, etc., more than eat up the revenue from the sales. Assuming, for the sake of argument and because it makes a convenient division which I should not be able to approximate from any information I could secure, that the sales just cover these expenses, I find that the cost of each page of pictures and text in the magazines ranges from \$470 to \$25; and that in general the magazine which costs the most per page to produce has the biggest revenue and gets the most advertising. A natural business proposition, but discouraging to the ambitious publisher of small means.

There does not appear to be any special relation between the number of pages of the magazine proper and the price thereof. For instance, the ten-cent magazines range from 106 to 102 pages; the fifteen-cent magazines from 240 to 96 pages; the twenty-five-cent magazines from 184 to 130 pages; the thirty-five-cent magazines from 175 to 154 pages.

Neither does there appear, especially in the low-priced magazines, to be any appreciable relation between the selling-price and the quality of the magazine. One ten-cent magazine is filled with cheap and inferior pictures, its text is written by persons of little or no reputation. Their work is in accordance with their obscurity. Another will present pictures specially drawn, sometimes reproductions in color, and a catalogue of contributors quite equal to those of any of the highest-priced magazines. One will be printed on paper which is an affront to the eye and touch—sometimes to the smell!—with ink that smears all over the hand. Another will be a delight to feel and see, yet the price is the same. It would seem that ten cents

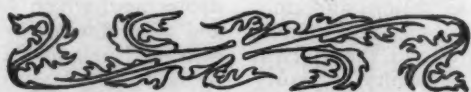
as a price is almost like a shibboleth—a catch-word.

Two or three of the magazines have recently increased their selling-price—also advertising—for obvious reasons, *i. e.*, they can get it and they are worth it. I dare venture to prophesy that the day of the ten-cent magazine is fast disappearing and that the better-known and more meritorious periodicals at present in that class will soon increase their price. There will always be ten-cent magazines. Lots of them will start that way. As I write this I learn that there are half a dozen new ones whose forewarnings are already in evidence; but I believe that so soon as a ten-cent magazine has become fairly established its price will be raised, *for ten cents is too small a price under present conditions* for the best of the ten-cent magazines, although there are others for which ten cents is just about nine cents too much.

I have studiously refrained from particularizing magazines in this article, but it will be permissible to call attention to a fact which has been spread broadcast throughout the country in the advertising columns of the daily papers. A certain magazine, whose circulation is over a million, recently increased its price from ten to fifteen cents. Its sale the first month after the increase was 75,000 copies greater than it had been under the lower price. If this indicates anything it is that people will pay a fair price for what they want—especially if it's worth it. Why should a magazine publisher who virtually publishes a twenty-five-cent magazine continue to publish it at ten

cents when he could get fifteen for it, or twenty, or even twenty-five, without appreciably diminishing his circulation? It is evident from the statistics which I have presented that the circulation of the high-priced magazines is generally considered by advertisers to be among people who are more apt to make a good return for advertising than is the case with the low-priced magazine. Therefore, although I am not an advertising manager, I make a further prediction that if a worthy ten-cent magazine, which is really worth a quarter—and I have such an one in mind now, I may say several,—should increase its price to, say, twenty-five cents, the advertising rate might be increased proportionately, the amount of advertising would be greater, it would be more select in character, and therefore more advantageous to the publisher. For a magazine is known no less by the character of the advertising it carries than by its contributors. Were I the publisher of a first-class magazine at ten cents the next issue would be the last at that price.

One final prophecy and I close this short article, which nevertheless represents a deal of work. That is, in spite of the enormous aggregate of magazine copies in circulation and the tremendous revenue from sales and advertising, the magazine possibilities in both directions are scarcely touched and that five years will make these statistics—huge as they may seem—appear insignificant. As a contributor to the magazines I say: "Speed the day of the realization of this sober if slightly optimistic dream!"



The Appreciation of Beauty

By CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

[The address that follows was delivered by President Eliot of Harvard University at the opening of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y., and is published here in its entirety by permission.—EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.]

THE ultimate object of democracy is to increase the satisfactions and joys of life for the great mass of the people—to increase them absolutely and also relatively to pains and sorrows. In other words, the final aim of government by the people for the people is to increase to the highest possible degree, and for the greatest possible number of persons, the pleasurable sensations or cheerful feelings which contribute to make life happy, and to reduce to the lowest terms the preventable evils which go to make life miserable. The reduction of evil is an indirect benefit. The direct way to promote that public happiness which is the ultimate object of democracy is to increase the number, variety, and intensity of those sensations and emotions which give innocent and frequently recurring pleasure. This increase of well-being should take effect on the masses of the democratic population; although the select few, who possess unusual capacity or good-will, will inevitably get more than their proportional share of the general well-being. The natural and genuine leader, discoverer, or superior person cannot but get unusual satisfactions out of the benefits he confers; and a true democracy will be glad he does, recognizing that his superiority does not obstruct or lessen the happiness of the common people, but rather promotes it. Nevertheless the democratic goal is the happiness of the common mass.

Among the means of increasing innocent pleasurable sensations and emotions for multitudes of men and women, none is more potent than the cultivation of the sense of beauty. Beauty means a thing enjoyable. It must always be something which excites in human beings pleasurable sensations and emotions. Beauty is infinitely various, and it is omnipresent. It is

accessible, therefore, to all men in all places and in all moods; and its infinite value for pleasure and content only waits on the development of the capacity in human beings to feel and to appreciate it.

The enjoyment of beauty is unselfish. When one solitary man feels it, he does not, by his own enjoyment, deprive any other creature of the same felicity; on the contrary, in most instances his enjoyment is much enhanced by sharing it with sympathetic souls. The child who enjoys, she knows not why, the exquisite forms and colors of a single pansy—does not shut out other people from experiencing the same sensations at sight of the same pansy; and she finds her pleasure only increased when father and mother and playmates share it with her. When, at rare intervals, the snow-clad Mount Rainier reveals itself, touched by the rays of the setting sun, to far-off Seattle, the enjoyment of the solitary street-sweeper who has first noticed it is only enhanced when the people run out of their houses to enjoy the magnificent spectacle. In their spiritual effects, æsthetic pleasures differ widely from pleasures, like those of eating and drinking, which are exhausted on the individual who enjoys them. The happiness of loving things beautiful is in a high degree a social form of happiness; and it is the aim of democracy to develop social happiness, as well as individual.

It is undeniable that the American democracy, which found its strongest and most durable springs in the ideals of New England Puritanism, has thus far failed to take proper account of the sense of beauty as means of happiness, and to provide for the training of that sense. On the main gate of Harvard University there stands this inscription, taken from "New England's First

Fruits," a little book published in London in 1643:

After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessities for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust.

That sentence still describes the main objects which present themselves to the minds of the present generation of Americans when they settle a new region, or reconstruct an old one—houses, livelihood, churches, civil government, and education; and still that order of development commonly prevails, except that education is nowadays put earlier. To that list it is time to add the cultivation of the sense of beauty, or rather to interfuse that cultivation systematically with every item on the list. The Puritan, establishing himself painfully on the eastern rim of the wild continent, thought rather of duty than of beauty, and distrusted pleasurable sensations and emotions as probably unworthy of a serious soul, not looking for happiness in this life but only in the next; and to this day his descendants and followers, spreading across the broad continent, pay far too little attention to the means of promoting public happiness. They seek eagerly material possessions and the coarser bodily satisfactions, but are not at pains to discover and make available the emotional and spiritual sources of public and private happiness. It is therefore an interesting inquiry how the sense of beauty, and the delight in the beautiful, are to be implanted, cultivated, and strengthened among the masses of the American population.

The oldest and readiest means of cultivating the sense of beauty is habitual observation of the heavens, for which the only things needed are the open sight of the sky and the observing eye. The heavens are always declaring "the glory of God." The noblest poetry of all nations celebrates the

majesty and splendor of the sky. Psalmist, prophet, and artist draw thence their loftiest teachings. Sun, moon, and stars, sunset and sunrise, clouds tossed and torn by wind, floating or driving mists and fogs, snow, rain, and the clear blue are all phenomena of the sky which will afford endless delights to him who watches them. The dweller on the prairie or the sea has the best chance at the sky; and the dweller in narrow streets, hemmed in by tall buildings, has the worst. This obstruction of the sight of the sky is one of the grave evils which beset a modern urban population. City people run about at the bottom of deep ditches, and often can see only a narrow strip of the heavens. Fortunately the loftiest structures reared by man are not so high but that a moderate open area in the midst of a closely built city will give a prospect of large sections of the heavens. This is one of the great things gained for an urban population by accessible open spaces, such as parks, commons, marshes, and reaches or ponds of water.

Next to observation of the sky as a means of developing the sense of beauty comes observation of the landscape. Landscape includes innumerable and very various objects of beauty; for it includes beauty of form, of texture, of color, and of lustre. Thus, the contours and surfaces of hills and valleys present infinite variety of beautiful form. Some fields and pastures are convex in form; others—and these are the more beautiful—are concave. The plant and tree growths which cover portions of these surfaces also present extraordinary varieties of color and texture. Threads or sheets of water add silver sheen or lustrous blue or gray. In some landscapes it is a single object like Niagara which absorbs the attention; in others it is a group of objects, as in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado or the Yosemite in California; while in others the multitudinous multiplication of the same object is the interesting feature, as in a field of wheat or of California poppies, or in a forest, or in the millions of equal ripples on a

sunlit lake. Over every landscape hangs the sky, contributing lights and shadows, brilliancy or sombreness, perfect calm or boisterous windiness. The ear shares with the eye the beautiful effects of weather on landscape. The rushing of the storm through the narrow valley, the murmuring tremor of the pines in the gentle breeze, the rustling and bowing of a field of corn in an August gale, the clatter of palmettoes in a wind, the rattle of pebbles on a beach dragged down by the retiring wave, the onset of a thunder shower, are delights for the ear as well as the eye. For such implanting and developing of the sense of beauty in the minds of urban populations, a large new provision has been made by many American cities during the past twenty years; and this movement is still gathering force. It will result in great gains for public happiness. Democratic society is not favorable to the creation and permanent holding of great parks and forests by enduring families, a process which often procured important advantages for the public in feudal society. The king, the prince, the cardinal, or the court favorite held great estates which might easily descend through many generations, undiminished and well maintained. The whole community could enjoy in some measure the landscape beauty thus created and preserved. Under democratic legislation and custom it is difficult to transmit from generation to generation great private holdings in land. It is therefore fortunate that the democracy has already decided that it will itself own and preserve for public uses large tracts of land. Public ownership will provide in our country the forests, parks, river-banks, and beaches which will give the urban and suburban populations access to landscape beauty.

Another means of increasing the enjoyment of beauty, which has of late years become commoner in our country than it used to be, is the cultivation of flowers and flowering shrubs in houses or house-lots, and in gardens both public and private. This cultivation is a very humane and civilizing source of enjoyment. It is usually a pleasure

shared with others—even with the passers-by,—and it is as enjoyable on the small scale as on the large for the individual planter and tender. One of the encouraging signs about American systematic education is that school boards and teachers are beginning to see the utility of school gardens. "How Plants Grow" was the title of one of Asa Gray's best books. The place to teach that subject is not the lecture room or the laboratory, but the garden plot.

It is said that the first art a barbarous people develops and fosters effectively is architecture. Shelter is a primary necessity; so the earliest arts and trades will provide shelters. For the worship of their gods all peoples try to rear imposing structures. The American people, if we study them all across the continent, seem to mean that their best buildings shall be schoolhouses and libraries,—certainly not a bad choice. They are also ready to pay for costly buildings for the use of government—national, state, or municipal—each citizen having some sense of individual proprietorship in such buildings. If we could always get in our public buildings the beauty of good proportion and of pleasing decoration, what an addition to the every-day enjoyment of the population would such good architecture give. To pass a noble building every day in going from the home to the workshop makes an appreciable addition to the satisfactions of the citizen. To go to school in a house well designed and well decorated gives a pleasure to the pupils which is an important part of their training. To live in a pretty cottage surrounded by a pleasing garden is a great privilege for the country-bred child. The boy who was brought up in a New-England farmhouse, overhung by stately elms, approached through an avenue of maples or limes, and having a dooryard hedged about with lilacs, will carry that fair picture in his mind through a long exile, and in his old age revisit it with delight. In regard to public buildings, however, it is all-important that they should be not only noble in design, but also nobly used or occupied.

When a just and kindly rich man builds a handsome palace for himself and his family, his lavish expenditure does no harm to the community, but on the contrary provides it with a beautiful and appropriate object of sympathetic contemplation. But when a knave or a gambler lives in a palace, the sight of his luxury and splendor may work injury to the lookers-on. It is the same with regard to public buildings. Their occupation or use must be noble, like that of a Gothic cathedral. They must harbor honest men, not rogues. They must be used to promote large public interests, and must be instinct with public spirit.

The provision of public museums, like this beautiful structure whose opening we commemorate to-day, is another means of educating the popular sense of beauty. By casts, prints, etchings, and photographs a good collection trains the eyes of the people to appreciate beauty of outline, of light and shade, of symmetry and proportion. Vases and textile fabrics supply instruction in color, lustre, and texture. For training the eye to the appreciation of beautiful compositions in color, good paintings are necessary. Examples of the work of the greatest masters in color are, of course, very difficult to obtain for exhibition in the United States; but a few such objects in our best collections would have an immeasurable value. Unfortunately our barbarous legislation, taxing imported works of art, piles on the natural difficulties of our situation a serious artificial obstruction. One of the great services of the Roman Church to the peoples of Europe has been the free exhibition, as altar-pieces, or as chancel and sacristy decorations, of many of the most admirable works of the leading painters of the world. The favorite subject with these great painters for a church picture—the Holy Family—offered to the artist a large variety of human figures in a compact group, namely, a mature man, a young mother, a baby, and a Saint Catherine or a Saint John the Baptist, representing so many interesting stages of human life, with all the appropriate

varieties of facial expression, skin coloring, and graceful garments, the whole permeated with lofty and holy sentiment. Such pictures the Roman Church kept before millions of its worshippers for hundreds of years. The modern painter has not yet seized on any subject of such supreme merit and universal availability. Since the church has had only a slight æsthetic function in the United States, public collections have in America even greater importance than they have in Europe.

It is apparent from the tremendous influence of the passion of love that beauty in man, woman, and child must yield a large part of the available material for developing and training the sense of beauty in the masses of the population. The attraction of sex becomes efficient when the eye is delighted by the color, form, and grace of the beloved object. It is through the eye and the ear chiefly that we are susceptible to beauty in man, woman, or child. The lover's senses are all quickened and set on fire, and his vital energies are magnified. His fancy and his power of attention become lively and keen; and, in short, all his vital functions are made healthier and stronger. It follows from this almost universal experience that the enjoyment of beauty accompanies and announces a condition of health and vigor in the human body and the human spirit, and that whatever promotes the public health, or in other words the habitual health of the multitude, will also promote the development of the sense of beauty, and will multiply the pleasurable feelings which accompany the observation of beauty. Whatever promotes the public health tends, therefore, to promote that public happiness which the recognition and study of beauty are fitted to procure for the popular masses.

It has sometimes been maintained that love of the beautiful is an effeminate sentiment, which may fitly accompany delicacy, tenderness, and refinement, but is not an attribute of manly vigor or of a pioneering, enterprising, and martial race. On one Memorial Day not long ago I was

watching from my office window a post of the Grand Army of the Republic marching slowly to wailing music toward the graves of their former comrades in Mount Auburn Cemetery, which they were about to decorate with flowers. The friend who stood beside me said: "I cannot bear to hear this music or see these flowers. Both are beautiful, but both are too sentimental. They are bad substitutes for the stern, unadorned gravity and resolution of our Puritan forefathers." My friend was an intense patriot: but in this dislike he was wrong. The love of the beautiful is not inconsistent with reverence for honor, justice, and faithfulness unto death. Neither is it inconsistent with intense energy, and keen intellectual foresight and penetration, or with the martial virtues of courage, self-sacrifice, and tenacity. If we need a demonstration that love of the beautiful and habitual cultivation of the beautiful are not inconsistent with the simultaneous possession of the most effective and robust human qualities, we may find it in the extraordinary artistic qualities of the Japanese as a race, qualities they exhibit in conjunction with great industrial efficiency, remarkable sanitary wisdom, and an unparalleled energy and devotion in war. The interest of the Japanese in flowers, gardens, and groves, and their skill in producing the most admirable varieties of fine work in metals, pottery, and textile fabrics have been the wonder of the Western world. Even the arrangement of cut flowers is for them a high art; a garden or a grove is almost a sacred place; and the production of a single beautiful porcelain or bronze vase or bowl is an adequate reward for months of labor. This devotion to the production of the beautiful is absolutely consistent with the possession by the same race of the qualities which we commonly distinguish by such words as manly, sturdy, and heroic. We ought not to be surprised at this union of attributes. We ought never to have imagined that the sense of beauty harmonized only with softness, fineness, or frailty in the human being. The fact is that many beautiful objects

are coarse, rough, stern, or fierce, like the sea, the thunder-storm, or the bare mountain crag. Beauty often results chiefly from fitness; indeed it is easy to maintain that nothing is fair except what is fit for its uses or functions. If the function or the product of a machine be useful and valuable, and the machine be eminently fit for its work, beauty will be discernible in the machine. An American axe is eminently fit for its function, and it conspicuously has the beauty of fitness. A locomotive or a steamship has the same sort of beauty, derived from its supreme fitness for its function. As functions vary, so will those beauties which depend on fitness for function vary, from the exquisite delicacy of the narcissus to the sturdy vigor of the oak. In cultivating the love of the beautiful we shall also cultivate the love and appreciation of the fit.

The best place to inculcate the love of the beautiful is the schoolroom. To the rising generation the most effective lessons can be given, and from the school millions of children will carry the lessons to millions of homes. After reading, spelling, writing, and ciphering with small numbers and in simple operations, drawing should be the most important common school subject. All children should learn how lines, straight and curved, and lights and shades form pictures and may be made to express symmetry and beauty. All children should acquire by use of pencil and brush power of observation and exactness in copying, and should learn through their own work what the elements of beauty are. It is monstrous that the common school should give much time to compound numbers, bank discount, and stenography, and little time to drawing. It is monstrous that the school which prepares for college should give four or five hours a week for two years to Greek, and no time at all to drawing. The main object in every school should be, not to provide the children with means of earning a livelihood, but to show them how to live a happy and worthy life, inspired by ideals which exalt and dignify both labor and leisure. To see beauty and

to love it is to possess large securities for such a life.

In diffusing among the American population knowledge and appreciation of the fine arts, we shall also diffuse the artistic sentiment about labor. The artist is always working with mingled gladness and disappointment towards an ideal he never attains. It is his struggle toward that ideal which makes his life a happy one. That is the spirit in which all the work of the community should be done. Everybody should be trying to realize perfection in his art,

or trade, or daily work. Towards that idealization of daily life the love of the beautiful leads us; and the road which connects the love of the beautiful with the love of the good is short and smooth.

When, therefore, the citizens of Buffalo assemble in this beautiful park to dedicate this beautiful building and its collections to the public service, they are commending to the rest of the nation a high example of private beneficence which will promote, in a wise and sound way, democratic happiness.

Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

A few hot days such as we have had lately and every one begins to think of the sea or the moors. I myself am a real baby in my love of the sea. I think it so nice to paddle, and if some one will come and paddle with me I am really very happy indeed. On hot summer days in London I read with longing feelings the advertisements in the *Daily Telegraph* of hotels and lodgings by the sea, and most of all I read those thrilling paragraphs, filled with the concentrated essence of news, printed in the same journal under the heading "By the Silver Sea," which, however, one sometimes suspects should be placed among the advertisements. Mr. Walter Emanuel, who is read by every one each week in the pages of *Punch*, has a most amusing parody on his new book, "Only My Fun," called "By the Silly Sea."

Trouville: The weather here is brilliant, and hundreds of people during the past week have been bathing in glorious sunshine, but very little else. Brighton: Some clergymen staying here, having noticed with disgust children running about on the beach, and altogether enjoying themselves, a children's service has been instituted. Cromer: Two children were drowned here yesterday. This place is becoming more and more popular with fathers of large families. Ilfracombe: Some haze rested on the water this morning, but really no one could blame it, the weather was so hot and tiring. Blackpool: The heat is still intense. A Liverpool gen-

tleman down here for rest shot an organ-grinder to-day. This is the first murder of the season. Southend: The local doctors have lately had to treat an enormous number of gentlemen for strained eyesight, caused by the sea receding so far. At low tide it is almost impossible to see the ladies paddling.

Mr. Emanuel, in his "Note on British Wit," which is attached as a preface to "Only My Fun," speaks of the spread of wit and humor even to "our serious journals." There is scarcely a daily paper now which has not a humorist on its staff; some keep a stud of them, and make fun of everything, their particular game being the tragedies of the police courts. Mr. Emanuel is rather good at comic tragedy himself. One chapter in "Only My Fun" is called "Little Tragedies," but they are of a very harmless kind.

"Pa," asked the child, "what is an autobiography?" "A book, my son," moaned the father (who had written one), "that the public autobi, but won't. Now go to bed."—The curate had just kissed the pretty housemaid: "Oh! but, sir—and you a clergyman!" cried the housemaid. "Ah, don't let's talk shop now," said the curate.—"O darling, such good news!" cried Mrs. Snob, running in to see Mrs. Tufthunter; "you will be green with envy." "Well, what is it this time?" asked the rival anxiously. "Why, my dear Clara has caught the Duchess cold."

As new holiday hot-weather books, I would couple with "Only My Fun"

J. K. Jerome's book, "Idle Ideas in 1905." May we conclude that Mr. Jerome contemplates publishing each year a summer annual to contain his "idle ideas"? The book this year contains essays upon what have been called "Life's little difficulties." There are essays on many of the problems which beset the ordinary man, and reflections in Mr. Jerome's most humorous vein upon matters of the utmost importance to women, both ordinary and otherwise. Mr. Jerome relates some of his troubles immediately after having been introduced to people. One should not discuss the Franco-German war with ladies who claim to be twenty-eight or so, nor the Italian school of opera with Wagnerian cranks. Much advantage would accrue all round, thinks Mr. Jerome, if a neat card were pinned on the back of each person, setting forth such information as was necessary ("not in good faith, but for purposes of conversation"). Or a master of ceremonies might stand in the centre of the room and call for conversational partners—"Lady with strong views in favor of female franchise wishes to meet gentleman holding the opinions of St. Paul, with view to argument."

Under the heading "Should Women be Beautiful?" Mr. Jerome states that pretty women are "going to have a hard time of it later on." In the future there are to be no pretty girls. Ladies' weekly papers have done away with all the plain ones in their "Answers to Correspondents," so that there are to be no plain girls against which to contrast the pretty ones. In the immediate future, such is the resourcefulness of the staff who reply to "Anxious Ones" in the pages of the ladies' papers, a girl may choose whether she will be a Juno, a Venus, or a Helen. As to eyes, if a young lady fancies she would like delicate blue—one of those useful shades which go with everything—she has only to consult with the professor in the pages of her favorite weekly. If she will but pay the price, there are qualities which cost even more, but pay for themselves in the end—this is the melting "Oh-George-

take-me-in-your-arms-and-still-my-foolish-fears" kind. Eyebrows should be cultivated straight, and eyelashes long and silky, with just the suspicion of a curl. Cheekbones are being worn low this season. In the matter of complexions, Mr. Jerome, who appears to have mastered all knowledge of his subject, states that there is only one complexion worth considering—"a creamy white, relieved by delicate peach pink." But there are others—rich olives and striking pallors—which one hears of as doing well. For all-round work, you will never improve upon the plain white and pink. It is less liable to get out of order, and is easily renewed.

Mr. Jerome's omniscience is amazing and his words most soothing and consoling. He takes the subject of "Wrinkles," for instance, and says with positive assurance that any woman could in a month save sufficient from her housekeeping money to get rid of every one of them. Have gray hair if you choose, and many will admire you; but perchance your locks may not be *d'une blonde cendrée*, such as those beautiful women Madame Von André or Mrs. Hall Walker. Ladies who prefer rich wavy brown shades are reminded that there are one hundred and forty-seven inexpensive lotions on the market, and any one of these rubbed in with a tooth-brush (not too hard) will do what is necessary.

Some fancy themselves too thin and some too stout. These are difficulties most easily surmounted; in fact, in the future, a young man need only take the nearest girl of promise and inform her of his ideal, and she will in a remarkably short space of time have modelled herself to his taste. "Match-making mothers," says Mr. Jerome, will be invited to fill in a page, "Your favorite height in women, your favorite measurement round the waist," etc., etc. "And maybe," adds Mr. Jerome, "some specialist of the future will advertise mind massage, which will be warranted to remove from the most obstinate subject all traces of hatred, envy, and malice." Mr. Jerome suggests "The Caudle Mixture"; one

tablespoonful at bedtime guaranteed to make the lady murmur, "Good night, dear; hope you 'll sleep well," and at once fall to sleep, her lips parted in a smile.

In a very amusing chapter Mr. Jerome asks, "Should we say what we think or think what we say?" when a servant enters to say that Mr. and Mrs. Bore have arrived. "Oh, damn!" says the man. "Hush!" says the woman; "shut the door, Susan." The man creeps upstairs and shuts himself in his study, and the woman does things before a looking-glass, and then, with outstretched hands, puts on the look of one welcoming an angel's visit. "She is delighted to see the Bores. Why did they not bring more Bores with them? Where is naughty Bore junior? And sweet little Flossie Bore? Too young to pay calls! Nonsense." "Society in all ranks," continues Mr. Jerome in his most amusing vein, "is founded on the make-believe that every one is charming; that everybody is delighted to see us; that it is so good of everybody to come; that we are desolate at the thought that they really must go now." When Miss Screecher sings, for instance, we tumble over each other in our hurry to listen. Miss Screecher, with a pretty reluctance, consents to sing. We are then careful not to look at one another. We sit with our eyes fixed upon the ceiling. Miss Screecher finishes and rises. "But it was so short," we say. Is Miss Screecher quite sure that was the whole of it, or has she defrauded us of a verse, the naughty thing?

And then about babies and infant prodigies generally. "As a rule, to be candid, we could never detect much beauty in babies—have always held the

usual gush about them to be insincere. But *this* baby! We are almost on the point of asking them where they got it. It is just the kind we wanted for ourselves." And little Janet, too, she has just recited "A Visit to the Dentist." Surely she ought to be trained for the stage. "We plead for the stage that it be not deprived of such talent."

"Idle Ideas in 1905" contains several essays upon topics of engrossing interest, such as "Should married men play golf?" "What is the best time to be merry?" "Do we lie abed too late?" "Ought stories to be true?" I cannot say that all these subjects, and others dealt with in Mr. Jerome's pages, are threshed out as their importance deserves, but they act as pegs upon which the author makes many short remarks based upon long experience of life, travel, and of every variety of human nature. In the essay "How to be happy though little" he deals with life in Holland, and praises it highly. The Dutch peasant girl has no need of an illustrated journal once a week to tell her what the fashion is; she has it in the portrait of her mother, or of her grandmother, hanging over the glittering chimney-piece. They have a merry custom in Holland of keeping the railway time twenty minutes ahead of the town time. A Dutch platform is always crowded with women explaining volubly to their husbands that there was not any need to have hurried, or else that the thing would have been to have started half an hour before they did—the man in both cases being, of course, to blame. The men walk up and down and swear.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, July, 1905.



The Editor's Clearing-House

Fashions in Titles

If common sense (such as persons of uncomfortable mental robustiousness are wont to demand in all things) were involved in the business, a title would be content with suggesting, compactly yet explicitly, the nature of whatever might follow. As a point of fact, titles, by immemorial usage, are lures rather than indices: and they are, at that, conventional lures: varieties of the artificial fly, which in the proper season, are known to stand a good chance of actually landing that shy and fickle fish, the paying public. Commercially it is better, for the moment, to be something to some men than all things to all; or, if one cannot be, to seem something. And something, to the fish in question, means the usual thing, or what readily relates itself to the usual thing. Moreover (thirdly), "the usual thing" is nothing more nor less than whatever happens to be fashionable at the moment of speaking. Ergo, titles, like other matters referred to the standard of the usual thing, are formed according to the conventional whim of the hour, rather than according to reason in the large. These profound observations are intended to convey no portent of a dissertation; we do not purpose to treat our theme historically. We wish merely to suggest the existence of a mild humor of concession in certain contemporary titular fashions.

There was a time when a simple proper name sufficed as label for a piece of fiction. It has now to be possessively attached to another substantive prefixed by an article: as, "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," "The Damnation of Theron Ware," "The Madness of Philip," "The Sorrows of Satan," and, to come quite to date, "The Marriage of William Ashe," "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," "The Indifference of Juliet," and so on. Or, according to a still more popular taste of the moment, the proper name is altogether abandoned and some more or less cryptic noun suffered to stand alone, or with the feeble support of the definite article. In this style we have "The Masquerader," "Orchid," "Probationer," "Octopus," "Wanderers," "Slanderers," "Accomplice," "Lodestar," and (the hard c seems to be an easy favorite) "The Crisis," "Conqueror," "Climax," "Clansman," and "Candidate." Such brevity is no doubt preferable to the

prolixity of a seventeenth century title; there is neatness and despatch, at least, in its obscurity. We may reasonably expect this tendency to the abrupt to be carried still farther. In giving her latest tale the title of "Pam," the Baroness von Hutten has effectively compressed the proper name. How alluring "Great Expectations" might have been under the label of "Pip"; or "Diana of the Crossways" as "Di." Or, in an impersonal way, what might not be effected in the way of a sale of curiosity by such titles as "It," "Git," or "Nit"?

H. W. B.

Job's Comforters

And Job answered and said,

"No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you.

But I have understanding as well as you . . . : who knoweth not such things as these?"

It required the wisdom of Job to overcome the conceit of a pessimist, for think, after all, is not conceit the most marked characteristic of prophets of evil? A pessimist never simply thinks, he *knows*. To him are revealed all the mysteries of the universe, to him there is no perplexity about the problems of the future, he knows they will all be miserable. With his own sublime satisfaction, all the seemingly cruel torturing of mankind, the baffling eventualities of the race, which to minds less dense have other happier solutions, he solves as certainties of suffering unavailing, unabating and forever. He sees the blackness, the chaos, he *knows* there can be no light, and with a vivid satisfaction in the luxury of woe he eloquently discourses, and bids men tremble and despair. He is equally sure in big and little things, he makes eternity endless pain and deprives to-day of its sunlight, and one stranger characteristic than his conceit is the stubbornness of his convictions,—no proof affects his creed. His prophecies come to utter failure, not even a touch of truth to be discovered in them; he smiles complacently, as if he alone saw in them true fulfilment by his superior power of subtle discernment. Think, has one ever seen a Job's Comforter discomfited? Are there not always new possibilities of wretchedness that his genius may detect even in the happiest hour? Is not his persistent reiteration unailing, and has any optimist ever

had the courage to face him upon the eve of his disappointment? He knows too well that his resources for picturing probable disaster are unlimited, even if the logic is weak. I have no doubt personally that, after Job's friends had been forced by God to acknowledge the fallacy of all they had said, they continued to prophesy, even in the face of his renewed prosperity, saying that it must all surely come to an end some day; and I have visions of them shaking their heads in dismal satisfaction over every cloud no bigger than a man's hand that their eyes alone discern in the blue of his sky. To-day Job's Comforters abound—they exist among the great thinkers of the day, and among the great actors on its stage. In every political situation they recognize anarchy; in every theological controversy they foresee a return to the worship of idols; in every skirmish universal warfare. In every-day life they are certain of overwhelming floods and devastating drought—they see an epidemic in every case, and death the result of every attack of illness. I have now in my mind several of these disturbers of the peace of mankind. Their favorite pastime with me is the prediction of the unfortunate ending of anything I may suggest—if fair weather is necessary to a plan, they know a storm is to burst upon us with unprecedented fury; if health is necessary, they foresee whole families lying prostrate with continued maladies; whatever factor is demanded in the fulfilment of the event, they have the ingenuity to suggest its failure. Mention to them the illness of the child of a friend, they mildly remark, "Such illness usually runs through the entire family—until a vision of even the most remote "in-law" being immediately attacked becomes fastened upon the imagination of the optimist—for optimists are usually cursed with just the imagination to succumb temporarily to these suggestions, though their recuperative power is great). Mention an illness of one's own, rheumatism, for example, and immediately the Comforter is filled with radiant enthusiasm—he mounts his hobby and away he flies; he can tell of swollen joints, of hands disfigured beyond all recognition, or years of helplessness indoors, of the *perfectly* incurable character of the disease. The Comforter, at least, is for the time *perfectly* happy, and if, a few months after, the victim meets him and *happens* to be well and strong, is there a sense of defeat to be seen in the prophet? By no means. He merely remarks, "Believe

me, dear friend, it will surely return in a worse form—its sudden and complete disappearance proves *that*"; and *reassured* goes smiling on his way.

Ah, well, it is a relief to believe that there are no prophets, save of good—and that a firm conviction of eventual joy brings a portion of it about us, even now.

ELIZA LEVY HALL.

The New Boccaccio, Gabriele D'Annunzio

This eminent stylist is a type of the new Italian, the Italian with whom Keats, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Shelley, and Burne-Jones are enthusiasms, and who is as familiar with German philosophy and English aesthetics, as with the classics. Link to this some survivals of the sixteenth century and the combination forms a good portrait of Gabriele D'Annunzio.

My first revelation of the man came as he stood beside a girl in red playing at a piano, listening with eyes closed until she had finished and then opening them, and looking around him like one dazed.

"Ah, Maria!" he said in thanks, "I heard—play that the other night, but she played the notes and you play the idea."

While his emotional discriminativeness in this art is most delicate, all music seems to have the deepest power upon him. We note how music is used in his novels, where by deliberately repeating a phrase, usually without change, he brings the readers back to an impression or train of thought.

Closely allied to his love of music is his love of color and of smell. Everything that creates a visual image speaks to this color-sense in him; shells, beetles, birds, man,—even black has a pleasurable effect upon him. Also for each odor he has a name. He speaks of most fruit odors as ethereal, of gum odors as fragrant, of musk odors as ambrosiac.

His enthusiasm regarding landscape is contagious. Each door and window at Francavilla frames some portion of scenery that is dear to him.

"Why do you like the detached views so much?" I asked him. "Because there is no spiritual contact from a landscape that embraces too much," answered this so-called degenerate Caesar. "The contemplative mood is the very foundation of all æsthetic sense. After a time, the landscape, viewed continually from one point of view, becomes your own. Yet D'Annunzio does not love nature as Wordsworth loved it. Even in those exquisite episodes of the almond-blossom in

Vergine delle Rocce, there is a certain posing for effect, a one-sidedness doubtless due to the fact that the mightiest problem life possesses for him as yet, is the sex emotion, the attitude of man towards woman, and of woman towards man.

One of the writer's best and noblest traits is his intense patriotism. Above every other sentiment, D'Annunzio believes in the people of his blood, the land of his birth, and the great Latin heritage of the past is to him a portent of a glorious future for his race. His "Roman Elegies" articulate this blind adoration for Rome, which is echoed later in *Vergine delle Rocce*.

Whoever has spoken with D'Annunzio cannot fail to notice his choice of language. This natural gift he has elaborated by constant reading of dictionary and memorizing of synonyms and antonyms, to say nothing of patient research among the archives for manuscripts with unusual and striking words, which he drags from their hiding-places that he may have fit material where with to house his thoughts.

An English friend said to him once, "You seem always of the Cinque Cento. You should cultivate humour, make people laugh if you want to be great."

"Can you imagine a Pickwick by Botticelli?" replied D'Annunzio with dry conceit.

His lack of humour, of clean fun, is sadly apparent. He never tried it but once, in "La Fattura" of the San Pantaleone series, and a more dismal failure, he himself admits, never occurred.

D'Annunzio has often been called a pagan. It is his birthright. Paganism is essentially an Italian attribute, and this paganism, stirring beneath all of the religious strata, stimulated the whole Renaissance movement. In Italian literature this strain has always shown itself in a very wide licence of speech, hence D'Annunzio's chapter of horrors, the pilgrimage to Casalbordino, which out-Zolas Zola's "Lourdes." All the docile apprentice habit of mind which is his, is not altogether an unmixed blessing, for as a result the Italian author has levied tribute right and left. Zola, Bourget, Loti,—every page pricks one into remembrance. An ardent student of Petrarch, of Cino da Pistoja, of Benuccio Salimbeni, Saviozzo da Siena, all the centuries from the twelfth onward, contribute to his works. He would have made an admirable member of the coterie of Lorenzo de' Medici.

His own preferred medium of expression is verse, and he still cherishes the plan of pro-

ducing much more poetry. His poems have a Japanese quality of suggestion, which he forgets to put into his novels. The power of suggestion is so much, and his explanations are usually so clear and explicit, that he leaves little to the imagination. As romancer, however he is more interesting than poet to the public at large, for the novels reveal the man, whereas the poems make known to us only the author's æsthetic impressibility.

D'Annunzio has never intimately studied any other man but himself, therefore he had little need to state that his heroes are autobiographical. Each one has the cast of a personal memoir, and the young man who is conspicuous upon the first pages of all of his novels, contentedly analyzing himself in the arms of a woman, changes only his favorite authors and perhaps his clothes.

"Why do you get down in the dirt so?" Arturo Graf, of Rome, asked D'Annunzio one day. "Would you call the primary instincts the principal instincts in life, the best heritage that has come down to us after all these centuries?"

And D'Annunzio, whose fundamental faith is in aristocracy and lineage, answered that because of their long descent these primary instincts were of the utmost importance. So, while the unnatural atmosphere of his novels, where sneer takes the place of humor, and lust that of deep affection, precludes them from inspiring a great cause, yet "L'Innocente," written under the influence of Tolstoi's "War and Peace" might, with all its coarseness and crudeness, indeed stimulate to high spiritual ideals, so great is the moral lesson it teaches.

D'Annunzio says that the art of life is his creed, and that moral law is an idol inspired by ignorance: thus his characters seem to know art better than good or evil. Speaking of religion one day he said, "I have everything but faith." He has stated more than once that man's love of God was but a blind deduction from man's love for woman. To him, therefore, Divine love is woven out of a mere fact of animal life.

It is a liberal education to hear D'Annunzio talk on Greek Art. Asked his idea of the use of art, he said that it widened the horizon and enlarged life by calling attention to things beautiful, thereby bringing the world's personality or personal charm closer. He would have the masses taught the alliance of grace and feature with utility, right color, and natural ornamentation, for those whose eyes are open will never close them again. He

says of the strength of beauty: "What great elemental force,—flood, frost, fire,—can compare with that loveliest, strongest thing in the world, the sweet gold of sunlight? The life essence of the plant world is chlorophyl or emerald coloring, the life essence of the animal organism is ruby red; both are types of the beauty of color."

Taking D'Annunzio as a whole, it is undoubtedly true that no Italian writer since Dante has done such work for his language.

His native tongue has been the object of his ceaseless endeavor, his daily study; he has elaborated, invigorated, and refreshed it, and much of the terse dignity of Latin has been added by him to the florid grace of modern Italian. Here, then, is his place in Italian literature, a reorganizer.

To him is due the evolution of an Italian style. We forgive him his sins of oversight, for the exquisite fluidity of his sense of expression. ANNETTA HALLIDAY-ANTONA.



Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

The appetite for morbid sensationalism, especially when connected with crime, has

been so frequently whetted by that part of the press whose

Sunday issues are incomplete without the account of some pathological monstrosity, that a certain portion of the community naturally looks forward to the exploitation of any form of so-called popular science, especially when the element of disease arises, and the details are gruesome. Books upon criminology, including that of "Dr." Arthur MacDonald, formerly of the Department of Education in Washington, whom Dr. Lydston* quotes, have in measure supplied this want. Havelock Ellis has attempted to popularize this branch of the subject in England, but in the United States the

dissemination of unnecessary information, especially through semi-scientific works, has done great harm in giving innocent readers a knowledge of matters that should be left to professional criminologists, physicians, and psychiatrists. It is for this reason that we question the wisdom of publishing popular books which deal with such subjects.

Dr. Lydston's purpose appears to be that of connecting various bodily diseases, pernicious environment, and lack of education, as well as the contagious and suggestive evil influences of the day, with moral departures and degeneracy, and, incidentally, with vice and crime. As will be perceived, his task is a most heroic one, and he is perforce obliged to go over much ground that has already been well traversed by men who have made painstaking, minute, and elaborate investigations, and if there be original additions to a subject

* "The Diseases of Society [the Vice and Crime Problem]." By G. FRANK LYDSTON, M.D. Lippincott. \$3.00.

now pretty well understood it is greatly to his credit.

The somewhat ambiguous title, "Diseases of Society," is in a measure hard upon those who suffer yet do not sin, for in Dr. Lydston's extreme treatment of his subject he hints at the trouble in store for those unfortunates in whom the development of various forms of criminality is not only possible but probable as the result perhaps of ordinary and innocent ailments. We learn that even dyspepsia is likely to lead to criminal tendencies, and that the omnipresent microbe, and defective bio-chemistry, are responsible for much wrong-doing and decadence.

Dr. Lydston still accepts the teaching of Benedikt and his followers in regard to the importance of anomalous cortical fissures, and other cerebral defects, and takes occasion to refer to the asymmetry and atyp of Guiteau's brain in support of his theories. It may be stated that the majority of pathologists long ago conceded that in this case the fissural irregularity meant nothing, and the softening of the brain of the executed assassin of President Garfield was but the result of the warm weather, and the neglect of proper care. In this connection it is somewhat interesting to find that the son of the medical man who made the post mortem in 1881 is to-day one of those who most strongly repudiate the teachings of Benedikt, Wernicke, and those who at one time absolutely connected anomalies of the cortex with criminal predilection.

The author's views in regard to the license of the press and its bad influence in making criminals are to the point and true. What he says has become familiar enough to the decent portion of the public, who have watched the power of a certain part of a disreputable press, and have been brought face to face with the degradation and demoralization of the ignorant and easily satisfied readers. The effect, as Dr. Lydston has pointed out, of the influence of such newspapers upon juries, is great indeed, but his readers will hardly feel like going to the extreme that he does in saying that "a fair trial of a momentous case is a Utopian dream," at least in this part of the country. The fear of newspaper criticism may at times have unnerved a timid or vacillating judge, and we have known of a bumptious and conceited magistrate who, without listening to any medical testimony whatever, has, after a five minutes' examination of his own, discharged a lunatic, making comments which

were undoubtedly intended to find their way into the public press; but this is rare indeed.

In speaking of the production of "social diseases" in general, with especial reference to crime, he assumes that vice covers all breaches of established ethics, and all immoral or unphysiologic acts that are injurious to the individual himself or to the majority of his fellows, though they may not be, strictly speaking, crime; so that it is not difficult for him to find sufficient scope for the treatment of his subject and the influence of heredity.

While here and there there is much that is interesting, although at times crudely presented, the author like many others who write upon this subject errs in trying to prove too much from insufficient premises and newspaper gossip, and this is especially true when he treats of craniometry and physiognomy. Many of the illustrations of skulls tell no story whatever, for when the deformities are not produced by mechanical means, or are not racial characteristics, they are not beyond the atypical average.

The general corrective suggestions advanced by the author are in the main in accord with those suggested by modern writers upon this branch of sociology, although here again the radical measures advised by him are not likely to find favor with sober-minded people.

Dr. Lydston in closing his book makes a strong plea for the cultivation of a more charitable feeling towards the unfortunate, and condemns that spirit which prompts a large number of the community who think a murderer or an insane person is "better dead" or out of the way. He advocates a more consistent method of improving the condition of the poor, the investigation and provision of better systems for the management of juvenile delinquents, the provision of physical training for the young, and a diminution in the severity and methods of punishment in vogue; and in this connection he strongly opposes capital punishment, which we fully agree with him as at present carried out has a brutalizing and rarely a deterrent effect. In this State, especially, the condemned is taken to a prison at some point remote from the place in which the murderer has lived and where the crime was committed, and is executed many months or years after the commission of the crime, and after his former neighbors have forgotten all about the incidents or have lost their interest. There is certainly an effective mean between the

brutal public hanging of other days, and the perfunctory and none the less horrible "removal" of to-day.

ALLAN McLANE HAMILTON.

Given a forceful, deeply loving woman of that jealous temperament to which the love of one is the whole of life; rear her absolutely without religion or any discipline of the spirit save that imposed by Subject of the most ordinary conventions; Dignity. take away the love of her life by a cold-blooded murder committed in her presence; let her see the murderer going unpunished by law and apparently prospering in his worldly affairs—what will such a woman do in such circumstances?

This is the problem proposed by Dr. Weir Mitchell in his latest novel, "Constance Trescot." * There is probably no other novelist who could set forth such a problem so truthfully, with such just and candid consideration of the elements that went to the making and shaping of Constance's curiously one-sided nature; no other novelist who could work out with such mathematical accuracy the result upon the woman herself of her subtle, tragic vendetta. Just here, indeed, is the point of the whole story. Its justification and its moral lie in the perceptible recoil upon Constance herself of her greatly desired vengeance. The psychology of this recoil is profound, intricate, convincing, for the byways of the brain are as the open road to Dr. Mitchell. What another psychological novelist might labor at "in a divided piece and endless volume," for him is charted clearly. Hence we have in "Constance Trescot" a novel of dignity and importance out of material that if treated less intelligently would be simply sensational. Murder and revenge are ordinarily counted among the grosser themes, and the literary artist puts them aside as the painter rejects unbroken primary colors. There are two ways in which they may be acceptably treated—with profound human sympathy, or with profound intelligence. Dr. Mitchell has chosen the latter way—or perhaps it was chosen for him by temperament and training, and the result is a book that deserves discussion, that is of almost universal interest, that has a curiously satisfactory artistic quality derived from its absolute fidelity to life.

That the theme has the quality of universal appeal is shown by the way in which it haunts

* "Constance Trescot." By S. WEIR MITCHELL. Century Co. \$1.50.

the reader's mind after the book is closed; he turns it over speculatively, considering how it might have been handled by other writers of competence. It has, as we have said, all the elements of the sensational, but what makes melodrama, anyhow, but the handling of great themes by little people? It is a tribute to Dr. Mitchell that the only other writer whom one can see as using his material successfully is George Meredith—who is as wise in the ways of a woman's heart and soul as Dr. Mitchell is in those of her nerves and brain. Meredith would have created a Constance more human, more appealing, even if equally merciless, in her misery, and the character would have been truer to the great traditions of literature—yet the obstinate fact would remain that Dr. Mitchell has drawn the Constance who is true to life.

C. A. PRATT.

With his early sufferings, his exile, his Siberian hardships far behind him, Prince Peter Kropotkin let his soul rove adventurously among the masterpieces of his beloved Russia, and the result was his latest book.* He does not even pretend to call it a history; he is too fine a scholar not to realize that it is simply a volume concerning the literature he knows best; the literature, some of the greatest masters of which were his personal friends, and that therefore his point of view might perhaps be of interest.

And, indeed, the point of view is everything. It is the point of view of one of the Russian "intellectuals," a class so often referred to in this book. The intellectuals are the torch-bearers of Russian progress. Little as they accomplish, they are the only ones who accomplish anything at all. Small minority though they be, it is they to whom works of art mean most. They usually come to grief, go into exile, or die young. But while they last they watch every new literary development with terrible earnestness, and, since action is impossible, they are forever discussing. That is why in reading this book you will conclude that everybody in Russia is always seeking between the lines of books for political theories, for programmes of action, for advice and appeals to the "youth."

Has Turguéneff created a Rudin or a Bazaroff? Has Dostoyévsky created a Roskólnikoff? What then do these characters

* "Russian Literature." By P. KROPOTKIN. McClure, Phillips, & Co. \$2.00.

mean? What are the "youth" to conclude from the upshot of "Anna Karenina"? What do the critics, the Dobroluboffs, the Mikhailovskys see in those things? Before serfdom was abolished every printed line was scanned by the intellectuals for hidden meanings on that dread topic. Gógol's "Dead Souls," Turguéneff's "Sportsman's Note Book," the works of Goncharoff, were so many volumes of texts for discussion. And as Russia has never been devoid of problems since then, why, naturally, there is still discussion and always discussion. And with such an attitude toward works of art you will not be surprised to find Prince Kropotkin saying (p. 287) of critical writings: "If art is a school of life—the more so are such works." And it will seem perfectly reasonable to find the works of Púshkin, Lérmontoff, Gógol, Tólstoy, Turguéneff, and Dostoyévsky considered on principles almost wholly utilitarian. The fact that there are thousands upon thousands of Russians who read Tolstóy and Dostoyévsky merely "for the story," just as so many of us read in this country, does not make this point of view any the less interesting.

But aside from this, the value of the book is greatly enhanced by little personal touches and reminiscences. Few historians of Russian literature writing for English-speaking readers have been able to say that Turguéneff told them this, that, or the other thing. And such passages as the following illustrate not only both the points just made, but also the Russian's love and veneration for great literature:

"The police of Nicholas I. were not wrong when they attributed to Gógol a great influence upon the minds of Russians. His works circulated immensely in manuscript copies. In my childhood we used to copy the second volume of 'Dead Souls'—the whole book from beginning to end as well as parts from the first volume. Every one considered then this work as a formidable indictment against serfdom; and so it was."

Certain points, moreover, peculiar to Russian literary development come from Prince Kropotkin with a force and clearness, with a simple sincerity, that make his book an important piece of literature in itself. Upon the moulding of that very "youth" of whom we hear so much and among whom every Russian writer hopes for a following, our author says: "The only proper way is to open before the young mind new, broad horizons; to free it from superstitions and fears; to grasp man's

position amidst Nature and Mankind; and especially to feel at one with some great cause, and to nurture one's forces with the view of being able some day to struggle for that cause."

Then there is the topic of Russian realism, of which Mr. William Dean Howells and others have spoken, but on which Prince Kropotkin discourses with more authority. "We saw," he maintains, "in Zola a tremendous amount of the same romanticism which he combated; and in his realism such as it appeared in his writings of the first period, we saw a step backwards from the realism of Balzac. For us, realism could not be limited to a mere anatomy of society: it had to have a higher background; the realistic description had to be made subservient to an idealistic aim." But perhaps the most interesting pages of the book are those devoted to a discussion of "Oblomoffdom" in connection with the writer Goncharoff.

What is Oblomoffdom? Prof. Leo Wiener in his admirable anthology translates an essay by the celebrated critic Dobroluboff having that query for its title. Prince Kropotkin fully explains Oblomoffdom. It is that apathy, that lack of initiative, that deadly inactivity to which all the evils of Russia, even to the latest reversals of her arms, are directly traceable.

Goncharoff's hero, Oblomoff, in the novel of that name, is a well-to-do young noble of liberal education and refined tastes, self-satisfied and cravenly conservative. A *laissez-faire* existence is his, and he abhors the slightest change, even such as moving from one lodging to another. The girl he loves he loses from sheer lack of will power with which to win her. In the back of his head, somewhere, he has a scheme for benefiting the peasants, but he never puts it forward. He goes on living as did his fathers before him.

Maxim Gorki has shown in his drama, "Myestchane," that the Russian middle classes are beset by the self-same malady. The truth is that almost every one in Russia, of high or low degree, is under this curse of Oblomoffdom. Prince Kropotkin's discussion of it and his tirade against it should prove tremendously illuminating to the Anglo-Saxon reader. "The absence of a love for struggle," the writer tells us, "the 'let-me-alone' attitude, the want of 'aggressive' virtue; non-resistance and passive submission—these are to a great extent distinctive features of the Russian race. . . . But with all

that, the Oblomoff type is not limited to Russia; it is a universal type."

A universal type: Prince Kropotkin loses no possible opportunity to identify the Russian types with those of other literatures. Throughout the book he is eager to show that this or that character is like so many other characters in Western literature. Thus we find that Mme. Kabanova and Dikoy, persons in Ostrovsky's drama, "The Thunderstorm," creations peculiarly Russian, are "universal types." "Dickens," our author says, "knew Mme. Kabanova well, and she is still alive in these Islands, as everywhere else." But otherwise the book is free from personal prejudices. To be sure, the writer scarcely mentions "The Brothers Karamasoff," one of Dostoyévsky's best novels, merely because he happens to dislike it. In the main, however,

the book deals with the most important sections of Russian literature in a large, though discursive, manner. Certain sidelights are thrown upon such writers as Tolstóy, Turguéneff, and Górkí which it would be impossible to find in any other writer. The chapters devoted to the Decembrists and to political literature are also of a high degree of interest. And though the first eleven centuries or so of Russian literature are passed over in thirty-eight pages of text, yet the greater part of the book, devoted wholly to the nineteenth-century writings, treated from the author's novel point of view and full of the charm of his attractive personality, make this volume, in spite of some glaring misprints, a very desirable addition to Russian literary history.

HENRY JAMES FORMAN.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

BELLES-LETTRES

Gayley-Young—The Principles and Progress of English Poetry, etc. By Chas. Mills Gayley and Clement C. Young. Macmillan. \$1.10 net.

This interesting and compelling analysis of poetic forms, treating of Rhythm, Tonality or Melody, and "The Larger Units of Verse," merits the attention both of the studious reader of poetry, and of the mechanic in verse—particularly of the youthful apprentice in the art of poesy. We would not be understood as apostatizing from the time-honored dogma that "The poet is born, not made"; yet it is our belief, that many a poet (short of veritable genius) would be greatly aided by just such a critical presentation of the underlying principles of verse-building as is here presented by these two able and conscientious collaborateurs. In addition to the original essay-work in this volume, the editors have brought together an admirable collection, abundantly annotated, of great English masterpieces, with selections, inclusive, from Chaucer to Browning, thus making of their volume both a laboratory of scientific investigation and a treasure-house of illustrative specimens.

Lamprecht—What is History? By Karl Lamprecht. Translated by E. A. Andrews. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.

Five lectures on the modern science of history, by an eminent German authority, who took an active part in the Congress of Arts and Sciences, at the St. Louis Fair, where the first lecture was delivered; the other four having been given later at Columbia University, New York. They deserve the larger audience they will now reach.

Noble—Macbeth: A Warning Against Superstition. By Esther Gideon Noble. Poet Lore Co. \$1.00.

A brief monograph, aiming, as the title indicates, to prove that "the great message conveyed by the tragedy is a warning against superstition, or a perversion of the imagination"; which we may admit to be one of the lessons taught by the drama, though we may disagree with the author in regarding it as the leading one. Incidentally, she is clearly unjust to Banquo, in charging him with "deliberate treachery to Duncan in failing to warn him of Macbeth's design." Had he done so, there could have been no tragedy; and we cannot see where "it is plainly shown" that he "knows" of the design, or even strongly suspects it until immediately before his own taking-off.

Norton—Studies in Montaigne and Early Writings of Montaigne. By Grace Norton. 2 vols. Macmillan. \$3.00 net.

The author, a daughter of Charles Eliot Norton, has done work worthy of her parentage in these scholarly books, which, she modestly says, offer themselves "only to the student of Montaigne"; but that is to appeal to no mean audience, though select and cultivated. They throw new light on the character of Montaigne, and give new, or at least unfamiliar, matter concerning his family, his travels, his relations with Bacon, and his early and less-known writings.

Royce—Herbert Spencer. By Josiah Royce. Fox, Duffield. \$1.25.

No man in the country is better qualified to sum up concisely the character and work of Spencer, and to estimate his present and probable influence, than Professor Royce;

and it is superfluous to state that he has done it admirably in this little book, which is a most apt supplement to the "Autobiography."

Stoll—John Webster. By Elmer Edgar Stoll. Sold by the Harvard Co-operative Society, Cambridge. \$2.00 net.

An elaborate study of the periods of Webster's plays, as determined by his relations to the drama of his day; enlarged from the author's thesis for the Ph.D. degree at Munich. It will interest all students of the dramatic literature of the period and of Webster in particular.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, The. Translated by Thomas Roscoe. Newnes. (Imported by Scribner.) \$1.25 net.

One of the handy "Thin Paper Classics," giving 570 pages in pocketable form, with clear type and flexible leather covers—a marvel of compact cheapness and fine quality.

Craven—Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By John J. Craven. Dillingham. \$1.20 net.

A new issue, by repeated requests, of the book published in 1866, by Dr. Craven, who was chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe during the entire period of Mr. Davis's imprisonment. It claims to be a correct account of somewhat controverted matters, and official reports connected therewith are given in full.

Gwynn—Thomas Moore. By Stephen Gwynn. Macmillan. 75 cts.

One of the most welcome of recent issues in the "English Men of Letters," and a sympathetic treatment of the man and his works.

Griffiths—Fifty Years of Public Service. By Major Arthur Griffiths. Cassell. \$5.00 net.

This autobiographical record of half a century of varied experiences as a soldier in the Crimea, Abyssinia, and elsewhere, and later as a government inspector of prisons and a recognized expert on all matters connected with prison management, is as absorbingly interesting as his "Mysteries of Police and Crime," "Chronicles of Newgate," and other books in the same line. He was also the author of several military novels and detective stories, and saw much of life in Spain and Nova Scotia, aside from his active career as a soldier. A large part of the book is devoted to practical topics of prison administration, the identification of criminals by the Bertillon and other systems, criminal anthropology, and the like.

Harrison—Chatham. By Frederic Harrison. Macmillan. \$1.25.

A compact but comprehensive biography of the great statesman who "made the Colonial system and was the founder of the Empire" of England—a man who "changed the course of England's history—nay, the course of modern history." To our thinking, Mr. Harrison, who has done so much excellent work in

history and literature, has never been more successful than in the present book, which he appears to have found a most inspiring and stimulating subject.

Hirst—Adam Smith. By Francis W. Hirst. Macmillan. 75 cts. net.

Compact, like all the volumes of the "English Men of Letters" series, but more complete and satisfactory than Roe's exhaustive "Life," on account of new and important material discovered more recently.

Portuguese Nun—Letters to an Officer in the French Army. Brentano. 75 cts. net.

Among the various English translations of these famous letters from the unhappy Nun Marianne to Captain (afterwards Marshal), de Chamilly, the editor has selected the second edition (1817), that by W. R. Bowles, first issued in London in 1808. It is the only version printed in this country that gives the first seven of the dozen epistles.

Rogers—Thomas H. Benton. By Joseph M. Rogers. Jacobs. \$1.25 net.

The second volume in the new series of "American Crisis Biographies," which are intended to give a complete and authoritative history of the Civil War, "treated not as a rebellion, but as the great event in the history of the nation, which it is now clearly recognized to have been." The plan is a good one, and the present book, like the "Life of Lincoln" that preceded it, promises well for the manner in which it will be carried out.

Russell—Sydney Smith. By Geo. W. E. Russell. Macmillan. 75 cts.

Some critics have questioned the right of the witty divine to a place among "English Men of Letters," but as the founder of the *Edinburgh Review* and one of the ablest and most brilliant of its contributors more or less regularly for twenty-five years, as a patriot of the noblest type, as an earnest and vigorous advocate of civil and religious freedom and a foe to anarchy, political corruption, and fanaticism, he deserves, after being honored with two biographies, to have this fresh tribute to his merits as man and writer.

Speer—Memoirs of a Great Detective. Edited by Victor Speer. Baker, Taylor. \$2.00.

Those who like to read stories that are as thrilling as fiction but that have the advantage of being fact will enjoy these memoirs. The great detective in the case is John Wilson Murray, the famous sleuth. Mr. Murray could give points to Sherlock Holmes, and I should think that the admirers of that great detective would find an equal fund of entertainment in this book which has the advantage of being true. Mr. Murray has evidently laid the facts before Mr. Speer, who has put them into narrative form, Murray being a man of action rather than a writer. This famous detective, like Conan Doyle's hero, was born in Scotland. He is sixty-five years old to-day and is said not to look more than

fifty. Murray was a young fellow of twenty-four, inexperienced as a detective, when he took up his first case. Although inexperienced he learned then the simple rule for following a man: "Keep him in your sight as much as possible and keep yourself out of his sight as much as possible."

Tiffany—Harm Jan Huidekoper. By Nina Moore Tiffany and Francis Tiffany. Clarke. \$2.50.

This volume is not only a biography, but a valuable piece of material for folk-history. Certain Dutch merchants who furnished considerable financial aid to the American troops in the Revolution decided to invest in American land at the end of the war instead of receiving their payment in cash. As the eighteenth century drew to a close the feeling of uneasiness in Europe caused many people to look to possibilities for better living in the West. Thus arose the Holland Land Company, which, in 1793, became the owner of 900,000 acres in Pennsylvania and three or four times that amount in New York State. Not until 1836 was this company resolved into individuals. In 1802, the agency of the Pennsylvania lands was given to Harm Jan Huidekoper, a recent immigrant from the Netherlands. A most delightful character was this large-minded energetic Hollander, with alert thoughts and marked executive ability, and an important chapter in the history of beginnings is this record of his development of the country around Meadville as a centre. Equally important in the history of intellectual movements is the story of his establishment of the Meadville Theological School for the training of ministers in the new sphere of liberal thought, whose rise in Boston Mr. Huidekoper watched from his post on the outskirts of civilization. Put together from family papers and by several hands, it must be acknowledged that the style of the narrative as a whole has suffered seriously from a literary point of view.

Tipple—The Heart of Asbury's Journal. Edited by Ezra Squier Tipple. Eaton & Mains. \$1.50 net.

The Rev. Francis Asbury was for forty-five years equally picturesque and powerful in the Methodist Episcopal Church as a pioneer preacher and bishop; and his "Journal," originally published in three volumes, is now judiciously and skilfully condensed into a book of some seven hundred pages, with copious illustrations. It is a fascinating ecclesiastical romance which all Christian folk will enjoy.

Ward—Aubrey de Vere: A Memoir. By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans. \$4.60 net.

Aubrey de Vere was the beau ideal of a poet, in mind, in manners, and in looks. His face was as handsome as his name is beautiful; his nature was as refined and spiritual as his features. Coleridge's daughter, a friend of Wordsworth and of Southey, wrote of him: "One more a poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew." He was not

only a poet, but a friend of poets,—among them Alfred Tennyson. The editor has based his work on diaries and letters, and has spread a feast for the lover of literature where no crude surfeit reigns. Aubrey de Vere was old-fashioned enough to cultivate the art of letter-writing, and he practised it up to the time of his death, which occurred shortly after his eighty-eighth birthday, less than four years since. Two portraits in this handsome volume show how he looked at twenty and at eighty-seven, and there are views of the beautiful family seat, Curragh Chase, Adare, County Limerick, where the greater part of his long life was spent.

Winkley—John Brown, the Hero. By J. W. Winkley. West. 85 cts. net.

Personal reminiscences of Brown, with an introduction by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, containing much matter not before given to the public by any writer.

FICTION

Hume—The Mandarin's Fan. By Fergus Hume. Dillingham. \$1.25.

Mr. Hume's Chinese people are of the too common sort that exist chiefly on the British stage and in books purporting to be written by a "Chinese Official" or others whose world of ideas is Confucian only by reflection. His "heathen" are of the conventional and traditional sort, but the dialogue is spicy, the plot intricate, and the personages are set in lively contrast to each other.

Maartens—My Poor Relations. By Maarten Maartens. Appleton. \$1.50.

"My Poor Relations" is a volume of stories of Dutch peasant-life. It concerns itself chiefly with the anguish of existence as it comes to the humble. A very few of the tales are humorous, but there are not enough of these to lighten the gloom of the whole. The book is as oppressive as a nightmare—which is an evil thing for any book to be. The author who makes two tears fall where one fell before is a malefactor and should be treated accordingly. Maarten Maartens is not free from this condemnation.

O'Connor—Balzac—Contes Choisis. Putnam. Chateaubriand—Atala and René. Putnam. \$1.00 each.

Two exquisite booklets in the new series of "Les Classiques Français," edited by Daniel S. O'Connor. So elegant and so compact that they tempt one to make them pocket companions in travel or summer outing, no less than in easy-chair lounging at home.

Payson—Debonnaire. By William Farquhar Payson. McClure, Phillips. \$1.50.

The suggestion of "Beaucaire" in the title of this novelette is borne out in its contents. The hero is a French nobleman who wins the woman of his choice in an alien land and under a modest alias. In wit and bravery and elegance, Captain Debonnaire is a chip of the same block as Monsieur Beaucaire; but

the foil for his nimbleness of wrist and tongue is supplied by Dutch stolidity instead of British phlegm, early New York being the scene of his triumphs, instead of venerable Bath. Mr. Tarkington's story has succeeded on the stage as notably as between book covers, and Mr. Payson's, which was turned from a play into its present form for publication as a complete novel in *Ainslee's Magazine*, is also to be presented before the foot-lights, before very long. Its fitness for such presentation is obvious in every line.

Strang—Kobo: A Story of the Russo-Japanese War. By Herbert Strang. Putnam. \$1.50.

The author of "The Light Brigade in Spain" would be more like a Henty for the boys if he could condense his story to some degree. It tells about a Japanese spy and of fights in Korea and the Yalu River region, with plots and deliverances of various sorts. The illustrations are correct and spirited.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL

Blair and Robertson—The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. By Emma H. Blair and James A. Robertson. Vol. XXI. Clarke. \$4.00.

This volume deals mainly with the year 1624, and contains important and interesting documents pertaining to ecclesiastical affairs from 1574 to 1624, the conflict between the civil and religious authorities in Manila, the Japanese and early Recollect missions, royal orders concerning religious matters, etc., with bibliographical data. Much of this matter is by no means light reading, but it is all a valuable contribution to the early history of the islands. The voluminous collection should be in every collegiate and public library for reference purposes.

Brady—The Conquest of the Southwest. By Cyrus T. Brady. Appleton. \$1.50 net.

"The Story of a Great Spoliation," as the subtitle terms it, covering the period from the Treaty of 1819 to the Compromise of 1850, and the first monograph (as distinct from general histories of the nation and special ones on Texas, the Mexican War, and Slavery) that has been published. The author has made a careful study of the vast literature bearing upon the subject, and the result is a valuable contribution to the "Expansion of the Republic" series—the fourth volume in order of publication.

Chancellor and Hewes—The United States: A History of Three Centuries, 1607-1904. By William E. Chancellor and Fletcher W. Hewes. Putnam. \$3.50.

Volume II. of this monumental work covers the period from 1698 to 1774, and treats of the growth of population (including slaves) from 1697 to 1766, the colonial governments, the political history, the progress of New Spain and New France, the Navigation Acts, the beginnings of the Revolution in the popular mind, Queen Anne's War, King George's War,

industrial, agricultural, commercial, financial, educational, literary, and social affairs, and a deal of miscellaneous matter relating to the period.

Daniels—An American Girl in Munich. By Mabel W. Daniels. Little, Brown. \$1.50.

A series of letters written by an American music student, descriptive of her year in Munich, and interesting primarily, if not exclusively, to her own friends. The comments on German life and character are of the most usual variety, and the style is exclamatory and somewhat hysterical. A commonplace and banal little book.

Finerty—A History of Ireland. By John F. Finerty. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50 net.

The author calls his work "The People's History of Ireland"; and it is eminently popular in treatment, while at the same time it is carefully written and well suited to be a general authority on the national life and development from the earliest period down to the year 1903. The author is an enthusiastic lover of his native land, and writes from that patriotic point of view, but with no obvious bias that would prevent him from being fair and trustworthy in regard to opposing views.

Gissing—By the Ionian Sea. By George Gissing. Scribner. \$1.50.

An elaborate record of the late Mr. Gissing's travels in the extreme south of Italy. Significant as are many of his comments and allusions, it must be admitted that Mr. Gissing lacks the charm that has been at the command not only of Mr. James, Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Pater, and Mr. Symonds, but of scores of only slightly less distinguished Italian voyagers. His narrative is the expression of a highly cultivated intelligence, but it does not enchant; and its lighter touches are particularly unsuccessful.

Gregg—Makers of the American Republic. By David Gregg. Treat. \$2.00.

A series of popular lectures on early colonial history, particularly suited to young readers, but likely to attract those of larger growth who do not take to more elaborate histories of the period.

Higginson and MacDonald—History of the United States from A.D. 986 to 1905. By F. W. Higginson and Wm. MacDonald. Harper. \$2.00.

A continuation of Col. Higginson's "History of the United States" to the close of the Jackson administration, which has deservedly been one of the most popular works of its class, not only with the young folk, but with their elders as well. The revision and enlargement cannot fail to extend its reputation and success.

Lorenz—The Mediterranean Traveller. By D. E. Lorenz. Revell. \$2.50.

What with steamers starting from our ports to take us direct to the shores and lands fronting on the sea that once was the centre of the world's history-making, one is conscious

that this compact work "fills a long felt want." Europe, Asia, Africa are here visited at their margins. Yet we are not told how to get to the ports nor at what hotels to stop, and generally, in place of those minute details so dearly loved by the Britisher and which leave nothing to the imagination, we have plenty of rhetoric, reflections, moralizing, and rather abundant photographic or half-tone illustrations. The proof-reading has not been done by a classical expert. Nevertheless the book is a valuable addition to the traveller's library and will save the tourist carrying a library of guide-books with him. The future may show an amateur ripening into a model book-maker. Meanwhile to one on the route made by the steamer authorities the book is invaluable.

McCaul—Under the Care of the Japanese War Department. By Ethel McCaul. Cassell. \$2.00.

To those of us who remember the Japan of feudal days, without a single public hospital or dispensary, the hygienic and surgical achievements of the Mikado's men in these days seem wonder-stories that beat Cinderella and Jack's beanstalk. Like all who have succeeded best with the canny islanders, Miss McCaul went out not to teach but to learn. She even got to Manchuria and to Gen. Kuroki's quarters. With Madame Kuroda and the Tokio War Minister's authorization, the Mikado's servants everywhere honored her and threw open all doors of hospitals and avenues of camps that she might see and report the facts. This Englishwoman was mightily impressed with the endurance, cheerfulness, physical strength, and general cleanliness of the Japanese soldiers. Her narratives are of the same tone and temper as those in Doctor Seaman's book, which amazed our own and European army surgeons and the higher authorities. Miss McCaul is an honest, straightforward writer, and her book is a tonic. It even makes us hope that our civilization may yield the same fruits for the man who does our fighting.

McCrackan—The Fair Land, Tyrol. By W. D. McCrackan. Page. \$1.60 net.

A pleasant account of one of the most delightful of European districts, which we can cordially commend to the throng of tourists just starting for *outré mer*. Too many pilgrims who regularly "do" Switzerland never take in Tyrol (or "the Tyrol," as it is improperly called by most folk), but this book will tell them how much they miss. If they go into the north of Italy by the St. Gothard or the Simplon, let them return by the Brenner, which runs through the heart of these Eastern Alps, diverging from Botzen *en route*, and coming out finally at Innsbruck, with this book for a guide.

McLain—Alaska and the Klondike. By John Scudder McLain. McClure, Phillips. \$2.00 net.

An entertaining account of travel through the length and breadth of our Arctic possessions,

by a member of the Senatorial Committee of 1903, who naturally had exceptional opportunities for the collection of information, and who evidently knows how to tell what he saw and learned. It is the most complete and also the most trustworthy book of its class that has appeared up to the present time. It is fully illustrated from photographs.

Peters—Early Hebrew Story. Its Historical Background. By John P. Peters, D.D. Putnam. \$1.25.

Dr. Peters's method of dealing with the Old Testament is drastic. But to represent the modern standard of critical analysis, at least as far as the writer understands, he does not allow the historical authenticity of any Biblical personages prior to David, with the single exception of Moses. Our author's account of the Semite migrations, of the several strata of folk-lore in the Bible, his analysis of genealogies, are most interesting. In fact the book is uncommonly readable. It is made up of the Bond Lectures given at the Bangor Theological Seminary.

New—Evesham. Broadway. By E. H. New. Dutton. 50 cents net.

Two of the charming little "Temple Topographies," dealing with two of the most attractive villages in Warwickshire, hard by Stratford-on-Avon. Broadway is *par excellence* the ideal English village, beloved of artists but comparatively unknown to the average tourist.

Schelling—The Queen's Progress and Other Elizabethan Sketches. By Felix E. Schelling. Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.50 net.

Professor Schelling is one of the select class of scholarly men who are not of the Dryadust type, but can write as gracefully as learnedly. It is a pleasure to follow Queen Bess's "progresses" through her realm with such a companion, and to "tramp" with him and Ben Jonson to Hawthornden and Edinboro'; to say nothing of the other rambles on which he takes us in this handsome "small quarto."

Shattuck—The Bahama Islands. Edited by Geo. B. Shattuck. Macmillan. \$10.00 net.

This portly royal octavo contains the report of an expedition to the Bahamas sent out by the Geographical Society of Baltimore, prepared by Dr. Shattuck, the Director of the Expedition. The sixteen chapters deal with distinct features of the islands: their physiography and geology, the fossils, the tides, magnetic observations, climate, soils, vegetation, fishes, reptiles, birds, mammals, sanitary conditions, history (including the abolition of slavery), government, banking, currency, industries, trade, etc. All these topics are thoroughly treated, and illustrated profusely with maps, charts, and views, all of which are finely executed and many of them exquisitely colored. The work is done throughout in the most scholarly manner, and the volume will be the standard authority on this important group of tropical islands.

Warwick—Mirabeau and the French Revolution. By Charles F. Warwick. Lip-pincott. \$2.50 net.

Before attempting to instruct the youth of the country by a course of lectures on this subject, as the author admits his intention of doing, in his "Preface," he would do well to correct some of the errors in the book. Speaking of the two Louis XV. and XVI. he says, "The nephew had to suffer for the sins of his Uncle," and calls Charles II. of England a contemporary of Louis XV. Louis became a child-king in 1715, while Charles apologized for being so long a-dying in 1685. But he did not take thirty years to do it! We learn nothing new about Mirabeau or the French Revolution, the style is sometimes absurd, and the bitter animosity shown to Marie Antoinette does not speak well for the author's impartial view of events.

POETRY

Coutt—Musa Verticordia. By Francis Coutt. John Lane. \$1.25.

We have read "Musa Verticordia," with the echo of Mr. Phillips's predisposing praise of its author still ringing in our ears. We, too, in this latest work of Mr. Coutt, feel that we discern a "brave and tender spirit" and a soul which is "in love with the highest that it sees." With us, the dissenting or questioning note (were we to raise one, at all) might be as to the order or capacity of sight, the clarity and definiteness of the poet's visual and visualizing faculty. Mr. Coutt's muse would to us be austere were he not somewhat too vague, too nebulous, for austerity. A mastership of whatever form of verse he essays, a lofty purpose, withal a rooted fealty to poetic sorrow, must be conceded to Mr. Coutt. The leading poem, whose title is that of the book also, and "Singers of the Century" contain the ringing evangel of one crying in the wilderness to make ready the ways of a revived idealistic and saving poesy.

Dunbar—Li'l Gal. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50 net.

A handsome volume, illustrated with photographs taken by L. H. Miner, of the Hampton Institute Camera Club, and decorated by Miss Margaret Armstrong. The present collection of his fugitive verses proves anew the author's claim to be a born singer, who has mastered the technique of his art.

Goetz—Interludes. By Philip Becker Goetz. Badger. \$1.25.

The poet of these "Interludes," after the following observation, "I marvel not that sadder grows the world, For men have lost the love of simple things," proceeds to sadden us by offending along the lines he has himself censured.

Harris—The Tragedies of Seneca. Rendered into English verse by Ella Isabel Harris. Henry Frowde. \$2.00.

Brief as must be our tribute, we have only words of commendation for the scholarship,

literary skill, and clear apprehension of dramatic situations, evinced in this version of the "Tragedies of Seneca," each one of which reads, to us, as real as current modernity, while the antique setting is in no wise diminished. The dialogue is rendered so vividly as to be almost actable on the stage of to-day.

Keeler—Elfin Songs of Sunland. By Charles Keeler. The Sign of the Live Oak.

75 cts.

In this collection of jingles for children we find a pleasant novelty in the little series called "Brown Baby Ballads," which picture, in happy rhymes, successively, the toddling Eskimo, Mexican, Piute, Sandwich Islander, and Samoan.

Needler—The Nibelungenlied. Translated into Rhyming English Verse by George Henry Needler. Holt. \$1.75 net.

As Dante is said to have more commentators than readers, so may it be suspected that the "Nibelungenlied" has fewer readers than translators. Few, indeed, must be the number of those who sit down to read consecutively the 9516 long lines of rhyming verse into which the assistant professor of German in University College, Toronto, has rendered the epic to which general attention has been drawn mainly by Wagner's operas. This is the first English version to preserve the metre of the original. The book is an interesting work of reference, the value of which is enhanced by a scholarly introduction.

Rowlands—The Bride. By Samuel Rowlands. Boston: Goodspeed. \$3.50 net.

In 1872-80, the Hunterian Club issued a limited reprint of "The Complete Works of Samuel Rowlands," the title being a misnomer to this extent, that the collection did not include "The Bride" (1617). Only in 1904 was a copy discovered in a small town in Germany, and bought from the Childs fund for Harvard University. Mr. Alfred C. Potter, who edits the present edition, claims little poetic merit for the piece, yet as a bibliographical rarity these 210 facsimiles of a long lost booklet must rank high among the products of the Merrymount Press.

Scollard—Odes and Elegies. By Clinton Scollard. Browning. \$1.35.

Mr. Clinton Scollard, himself, must ever be regarded as one among the company of "The Dreamers," whom he so musically chants in the opening poem of his latest volume. A quality of dream-music, of dream-picture, is the most characteristic trait of his Muse, even when she sings of heroes and hardy discoverers, "prodigal of breath." The dream-note is also bravely struck and made to vibrate in "The March of the Ideal," and, in truth, in each one of the seven poems composing this flower-intertwined sheaf of song. The ode on Lawton is an admirable piece of work, whether viewed from the standpoint of patriotism, of hero-worship, or of harmonious execution in art.

(For list of Books Received see third page following.)

